



R. P. B. AND M. B. B. AT AGUA GRANDE, CARMEN
ISLAND, L. C., MEXICO

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

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LEAVES
FROM MY DIARY



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Tuesday, January 27, 1931

We boarded the Havana Special today at 3.30. Pauly and Uncle Jimmy came and saw us off and helped us pin on some of the flowers we received.

Mother received five boxes and I four, and we looked like two brides when we stepped on at the South Station.

Our car is comfortable — apparently a new one — and without squeaks, but our neighbors next door have dreadful coughs, and we don't expect to sleep much tonight.

Something has gone wrong with the engine on this train, and we have already waited three quarters of an hour somewhere between New London and New Haven, Connecticut, while a new one was attached. We have a stupid, stuttering black for a porter, but he does the best he can in spite of his handicap, and brought us plates, knives and forks to use when we

had dinner. We dined on cold roast squabs and celery salad which was delicious, and ended up with "Post's and Baker's Chocolate." We have been playing backgammon and bezique. I won (but I think it was beginner's luck) at backgammon but was dreadfully beaten at bezique.

As I write (9.30 P.M.), our porter is making up our room, and we are in someone else's.

The train is dreadfully late; we're due in New York in half an hour and are only in New Haven now! I suppose we'll be later still in Miami!

Mother has started "David Copperfield" aloud, and we both are enjoying it immensely. I am having great fun with everybody, as I wear a small diamond ring on the fourth finger of my left hand, and I like to pretend I'm Mother's married daughter. I wonder how long the spurt will last.

Wednesday, January 28, 1931

ON THE TRAIN

We got up at eight-thirty, dressed leisurely and looked out. The first town we came to was Chester. By this time the train has lost its right of way, and we have had to stop several times to let other trains get by.

Later in the day we passed many small farms with hens and pigs running around in the yards. Between stretches are oak woods, fields of cotton, stubble

fields, pine woods and cypress swamps. Occasionally we go through towns. We have just stopped at a rather large railroad station where various tracks cross and recross, and I expect it is Raleigh, North Carolina or possibly, Rocky Mount (N. C.).

It is beginning to be warm and sunny now, and by this P.M. we ought to be quite far south. The waiter who served our breakfast in our room told us that we would be in Palm Beach tomorrow at 7.20, and would arrive in Miami at about 10, provided that we lose no more time. At 9.45 we saw the first turkey buzzard flying lazily over a stubble field. As yet we haven't seen any palm trees. I have just finished translating the third Cataline, Chapter 6, and am going to mail it back as soon as I can.

At 2 we passed the first cypress trees with their long fingers of moss hanging over the water.

We played backgammon and read "David Copperfield" and noticed a small scrubby palm at 4.

We got to North Charleston at 4.45, but didn't have time to stop, so bought an evening paper at Savannah, Georgia, about 7.

We had a fine dinner of fried chicken, corn and candied sweet potato and fried apple in our room, served by the same waiter who served our breakfast. He is a mulatto and has much more brains than the stupid black we have for a porter. We played more backgammon after dinner and retired at 9.30.

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Thursday, January 29, 1931

COCOANUT GROVE, FLORIDA

We arrived (about half an hour late) in Miami at 7.15. Having been aroused at 6.30 by our stuttering black, we were dressed and ready when the train pulled in. Daddy and Dr. David Fairchild met us at the station and we drove, in Dr. Fairchild's car, out to Coconut Grove.

There we met Mrs. Fairchild and two house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dean from New York.

We had breakfast and then got into Dr. Fairchild's motor and drove out on the Tamiami Trail across the Everglades. There we saw a sight I never hope to see rivaled. The air was filled with wood ibises, their white bodies and black wing tips sharply contrasted with the grey of the horizon. Further on we passed a huge number feeding in a pond, and we could actually hear the noise they made as they rattled their bills in their dabbling.

Some of the small white egrets had their plumes already, and we examined them at length through the binoculars. The larger egrets were much shyer and usually flew away when we stopped the machine. We saw thousands of both species. We came home via the Pine Crest Road, where we stopped to see some of the myriads of fish in the canal which ran parallel. We passed many other kinds of birds.

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Snake birds, hawks, one very rare black one, vultures, shrikes, a kite, and, of course, herons (great and little blues, bitterns, white egrets, wood and white ibises) and cardinals. We lunched here at 1.30 and spent the afternoon reading Cicero. After tea, we walked around the garden with Mrs. Fairchild, and dined at 6.30. Mr. Hugh Matheson blew in just before we sat down and invited us all over to see his zoo on Key Biscaine. Daddy at once accepted for all of us, and we expect to start tomorrow at 8.45.

Two botanists from the Department of Agriculture joined us at dinner. They are going with Mr. Armour on the "Utowana," I think. (Mr. Collins seems very pleasant, and Mr. Kempton likewise.)

9.30 P.M. I am about to retire but will resume tomorrow.

Friday, January 30, 1931

This morning before breakfast I went for a swim in the pool. Just as I was walking into the house, dressed in a bathrobe, Mr. Armour, Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild and Daddy walked up the path! I ducked behind the corner of the house too late, and they all guffawed, and shouted to me to hurry up and dress.

Right after breakfast, Mr. Matheson came over with his car, and asked me if I minded driving it over to his place. Daddy and Mother got in the "rumble" and Mrs. Dean and I sat in front, while poor Mr.

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Matheson clung on the running board. His place is very near Mr. Deering's, and is beautiful. There we met Mr. Malcolm Matheson, boarded his motor boat, and started across the bay. The after deck vibrated dreadfully and it was cold enough for heavy winter coats, so Mr. Malcolm suggested that we sit in the front cockpit, which Mrs. Dean, Mother and I did.

We landed at Mr. Matheson's yacht basin over on the Key, right next to a lovely house built exactly the way the ancient Egyptian houses were. Every detail of the architecture was perfect, and I believe it is one of the best copies anywhere around. From there we motored all over the island, stopping first at the zoo. There we saw thousands of canaries of all kinds, monkeys (the two from Barro Colorado Island among them), four little raccoons, two huge Galapagos turtles, some pheasants, some doves, some owls and an enormous alligator. We then went in two cars over to see his cocoanut grove, and finally ended up at the beach, where the sand was wonderfully white and the water clear turquoise blue shading into deeper blue further out. We rode home in the front cockpit of the "Soforth" and Mr. Matheson invited us to take lunch with him at the Bath Club. There we met Mrs. Matheson (Hugh), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, Mr. Willis Wood and Miss Matheson. The lunch was very elaborate. You stood in line, were given a

tray with knives, forks, and spoons, and then walked from one table to another, choosing whatever you wanted. I had fried kingfish, lima beans, spinach, salad and strawberries.

Some of the members of the Club seemed to be a terrible lot. They were mostly rich Jews who didn't know how to act or dress, and the women cracked with paint! After lunch Mrs. Matheson showed us the swimming pool, and just as we were walking up the steps to where it was, Mother picked up a pearl necklace with a diamond clasp. Unfortunately the owner appeared, and instantly snatched it from her hand, so it didn't do her any good and she got no reward for finding it. After lunch, Mr. Matheson drove us back to Cocoanut Grove, where we packed our bags and started down to the wharf. We waited there for over an hour, because Daddy was afraid we'd miss the boat. At 5.00, Mrs. Fairchild and Mr. Armour met us at the pier and we all went aboard. Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton met us on the boat, and we sat on deck until the Fairchilds had to leave. We dined sumptuously at 6.45 and sat on deck after dinner. Oddly enough Mr. Louis Shaw and his bride and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gardiner are also crossing on the same boat, the "New Northland" of the Munson Line. We had a very pleasant evening and retired at 10.00. The crossing was calm and cool; so far we've had very good weather.

Saturday, January 31, 1931

This morning at 7 the room steward knocked at the door and mother and I hurried down to breakfast. Daddy, Mr. Collins, Mr. Kempton and I sat at one table and Mother sat at another waiting for Mr. Armour. We had a fine breakfast and went up on deck to see if we could see land. Finally the Bahama Islands loomed up ahead, and we craned our necks over the side to see the approach to Nassau.

The harbor here is wonderful. The water a clear turquoise blue with curious pinkish places in it, and you can look down to the bottom and see the corals.

The boat landed at 9.00, and Mr. Armour's tender was waiting for us. "Sparks," the radio operator, Lutz, the cabin boy, Ernest, the steward and two sailors off the "Utowana" were on the dock and instantly loaded our trunks and bags on to the tender. The customs inspection was waived, and our bags were never even opened, so we immediately came out to the yacht. We unpacked everything and sent the trunks to the hold before lunch, and then did some Cicero (about 40-45 lines!).

We had a delicious lunch at 1.15, and I tasted conch meat for the first time. It had rather a nice flavor, and was very tender, and I hope we have it again, as I like it!

After lunch, Dr. and Mrs. Dolley and Mr. and

Mrs. Seward Prosser came out and took us to Nassau in their launch. We drove around in Mr. Prosser's car, and ended up at our host's private beach where I went in bathing. The sand was firm and white and the water warm, but not "soupy," and I had a very pleasant swim! We came back with another very kind lady and gentleman in their launch and dined at 7.30. Poor Mother sprained her ankle in Nassau today, and she's having a nasty time with it. It hurts her terribly to walk, but will be better in a day or so, I hope. We passed a pleasant evening on deck, where it was cool enough for wraps, and retired at 9.30.

Sunday, February 1, 1931

Daddy woke me up early and told me to hurry and get ready for church. Mother and I had breakfast in Mother's room. At 9.40, the tender was waiting and Daddy and I got aboard. Mother's poor ankle is dreadfully swollen and black-and-blue, so she stayed behind. We landed at the New Colonial Hotel pier, walked along Bay Street, and, finding that church began at 10.30, we killed time for half an hour until then.

I was surprised at the amount of singing in church. The Bishop of the Bahamas chanted the psalms and prayers and wore a mitre when he marched in behind the choir. After church, we met Mr. Armour, Mr.

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Collins and Mr. Kempton at the dock and boarded the launch.

We lunched at the Porcupine Club with Mr. and Mrs. Prosser and Mr. and Mrs. Price. I went in swimming before lunch and it was great fun.

The water was lovely and warm and the sun hot so I got dressed as soon as I came out for fear of getting badly burned. After lunch Daddy, Mr. Prosser and I went in Mr. Prosser's launch to see the sea gardens.

We lowered a glass-bottomed bucket over the side and saw all sorts of fish, groupers, angel fish, grunts, surgeon fish, paradise fish, starfish, sponges, parrot fish, corals of all kinds and many sea fans. The colors were lovely, and the water very clear. While we were out there, the glass-bottomed excursion came along, and we got aboard. Of course we could see much better, and Daddy told us what each fish was. We returned here in Mr. Prosser's launch, and sat round on deck until dinner time, when the Prossers and the Dolleys came on board to dine.

We had a fine dinner, and then bade them all good-bye, as we expect to sail tomorrow morning soon after Mr. Mott's boat lands.

Monday, February 2, 1931

This morning we woke up to find that Mr. Mott's boat had run aground at the entrance of the harbor.

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Nevertheless, we went to town in the launch. First we went over to the market (Mother was well enough to go too), where we bought some baskets and a hat made out of woven palm leaves. At the market we saw all kinds of fish, fruit and vegetables, all "dirt cheap." Then we took a hack and drove with a small pony through Grantstown and out into the country.

Mother's eagle eyes discovered some beautiful orchids which we took, bulb and all, and placed in the baskets. They were simply lovely, growing on long stalks. One spray had thirty-five blossoms on it. We came back here for lunch, and at 2.30 Daddy went to the Porcupine Club to fetch Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, and we all went in a glass-bottomed boat to see the sea gardens again. We returned in time to go in town and this time went to a tortoise shell shop, taking Eva Purdy, Mr. Mott's niece, with us. There we bought some cunning little fishes for \$1.00 each, and some fine French perfume, besides some Kent's English brushes. We came back here in time for dinner and passed a pleasant evening together.

Tuesday, February 3, 1931

This morning we got up very early, took breakfast together and went in town. Eva wanted to buy a palm leaf hat like mine so we went first to the market. There every different kind of fruit, fish and vegetable typical of the Bahama Islands was displayed for

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sale. It was a pleasant sight—buxom colored women with bright plaid turbans on their heads offering their fruit or vegetables for sale—colored fishmongers stringing their live merchandise on pieces of palm leaf, children chattering together and munching sugar cane, and old people bargaining or begging. The tortoise shell shop was open, and Eva and I bought two more fish apiece—cunning little angel fish, made out of a handsome piece of shell. Next, we took a motor with a colored chauffeur and motored across the island to Adelaide Beach where Daddy had been with his grandmother nearly thirty years ago. The houses along the road were small. Some of them had pink conch shells for garden borders! These were quaint and added a pretty touch of color to the houses. In passing through the pine woods, Mother espied some purple orchids growing on the ground and we dug up some bulbs to take to Soledad, and picked several bunches for the yacht.

As we neared the beach, we saw huge piles of empty conch shells. The beach itself was beautiful. The sand was coarse and white and, because the tide was in, the water along the edge was a brilliant greenish blue with curious pink patches here and there in it. Further out it shaded into deep blue, and we saw two fishing boats which looked like wisps of thistle-down blown along the horizon. When we returned to Nassau and met Mr. Armour at the pier, he told

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us that the outboard motor for the new tender had not yet come off the ill-fated "Munargo" (the boat Mr. Mott and Eva came down on from New York). Then the company split. Daddy, Mother, Mr. Collins, Mr. Kempton and I came aboard here, and left the others on shore. Our sailing has been postponed for quite a while.

Later. We sailed at 2.30, after a delay of half a day. It is getting rougher and rougher and I am getting sicker and sicker. Daddy says we're going by San Salvador, now called Watling's Island, and that from then on it will be calm and fine. My, how I hope so!!

Wednesday, February 4, 1931

AT SEA

Such weather!! Although we passed San Salvador late last night, it is dreadfully rough and the barometer has steadily fallen!!! I have been sick all morning, and am now seated in a deck chair, hoping to be improved by the fresh air. We have seen two ships, both freighters, which have passed us! I must stop now, I feel terribly.

Thursday, February 5, 1931

If I thought it was rough yesterday, it's a hundred times worse today.

Later. I spent the day in Mother's bed beside her! It was awful! One minute you could see nothing but

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sky, the next nothing but angry sea. The only things I could eat were "saltines" (not many of them). About 4.25, we rounded the eastern tip of Cuba. Immediately the rolling ceased, and the sea became calm! I got up uncertainly, dressed and staggered up on deck. Tea was being served and I managed to eat one or two tea biscuits without mishap! At dinner I sat near the staircase and managed to drink a little soup, and eat a small piece of delicious ham! Later this evening I felt famished, and asked Lutz for some crackers.

We sat on deck, Eva, Mother and I, and saw a ship coming towards us. Mother showed Eva and me many of the constellations and stars, among them Orion's Belt, the Big Dipper, Jupiter and Mars. It's ever so much calmer now, and I expect to pass a pleasant night. We shall anchor in Guantanamo Bay tonight at midnight, but I can't wait up that long.

Friday, February 6, 1931

GUANTANAMO BAY. AT ANCHOR

This morning we awaked in Guantanamo Bay. It is a large bay surrounded by low irregular mountains, and seems to teem with little fish which swim in schools near the surface. A destroyer, the "Biddle," number 151 painted in bold black letters on her bow, was anchored near us. Across the bay and behind a hill, we could just see the top of the dirigible

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"Los Angeles," which looked like a huge silver whale sunning itself. She had moored at the Naval Station for the night. Later we saw her take off, headed for the Canal Zone. She expected to get there tonight. This morning, as no officials made any sign of coming out to receive the yacht, Mr. Armour and the Captain went ashore in the tender. Mother and I made two flags, the Nicaraguan and the Guatemaltecan. Both are light blue and white striped, and Mr. Mott promised to draw the necessary coats of arms for us.

After lunch, which was, as usual, delicious, we all went ashore where we met the Commandant of the Station, Captain Arthur Miles, and his wife. They were both very genial to us, and after a short drive, they came out for tea. We drove in two cars. Mr. Armour, Mr. Collins, Eva and I went in a Ford sedan which Mr. A. drove, while the others went in a dirt-colored "Hup," driven by Captain Miles. We saw some cotton, apparently growing wild, and Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton filled their pockets with it. After tea, at about 6, we set sail for Cienfuegos where we hope to arrive Sunday morning some time.

The sunset tonight was beautiful. The sky above the mountains slowly changed from blue to brilliant talisman rose color and then to soft yellow as the sun sank below the level of the horizon, and the stars came out. Later, after dinner, I went up on the bridge with Daddy, and Mr. Hart, the first officer,

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showed us the different stars and constellations, Mars, Jupiter, Orion's Belt, the Dipper and the Serpent, not to mention the Pleiades and the Milky Way. The sea was wonderfully calm, and when we stood in the bow, we saw many tiny phosphorescent lights which shone when the waves broke like tiny candles. Just before bed-time, we saw the lights of Santiago, Cuba, in the distance, and the winking lighthouse beacon at the harbor mouth. As yet it hasn't been oppressively hot, and the nights are cool and pleasant.

Saturday, February 7, 1931

AT SEA

When Mother and I got up late this morning it was calm and peaceful out, but about 11.30 it became very rough, so much so that Daddy had to lie down. I felt queerly at lunch, but wasn't sick, and shortly after that it became much calmer. Now, tea time, it is "as calm as a millpond," for we are under the lee of the shore again after passing a deep bay where the rough water was, and while warmer than heretofore it is lovely on deck.

Later. It became rough again just as we were finishing dinner, and both Daddy and I felt uncertain! It is a clear night, and rather cool.

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Sunday, February 8, 1931

I woke up three different times last night on account of the heat. Incidentally the sea was dreadfully angry. We must have passed through some storms.

The approach to Cienfuegos was really magnificent, for the sun was just rising above the Trinidad Mountains. As we came into the mouth of the harbor, we passed Doña Luisa Ponvert's place, "Paso Caballos," and it was lovely, and beautifully kept up, although she only goes there for Holy Week every year.

After we anchored, the Port Doctor and the Customs Inspector came aboard, and were very decent; they both knew Dad and we were allowed to go up to Soledad.

We had the "Ramona" this time, and made better time up the Caonao River than we did with the "Kelly." Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were on the landing at Factoria, and we all squashed into the little railway car and went lurching up the track to Soledad, tooting the engine whistle most of the way. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard and the Reeces were at the Vivienda when we arrived, and Benjamin and Lola both extended their welcome to us when we went upstairs. Mother and I had the same room we had last

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year, and once we were unpacked, it seemed as if we'd never been away.

Nothing has changed here except the political and economic conditions, and there are a few more "Rurales" (rural guards) around the batey. Valeriano in his best English said "Hello" to me several times, and then lapsed into Spanish. Mr. Ceres is the same as ever, only his long, forked beard is thinner than last year. Mr. and Mrs. Wares were both very cordial to us and Mr. Grey obligingly showed us all over the Harvard garden several times. After "breakfast" at the Vivienda, Eva and I went with Mr. Hughes to see Mr. Armour safely on the boat at Factoria, and had a fine ride on the little track car. After supper we went to the movies which were thrown on the great white wall back of the Vivienda, and which are given as a treat to the country people every week, and then over the sugar mill.

Monday, February 9, 1931

SOLEDAD — CIENFUEGOS, CUBA

This A.M. Mrs. Hughes, Eva, Mother and I went over to Mrs. Leonard's to buy some of the linen which the girls on the plantation embroider so well.

We sat around for a time while some children begged Mrs. Leonard for money and clothes (Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Leonard have distributed over a

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thousand blankets to the poor on the plantation in the last two weeks).

The conditions here are terrible. The batey bristles with Rurales, and no one talks politics who has any sense. If you do you get into trouble or jail or both. It is not safe to go riding without Valeriano as a protection, and Mr. Hughes never comes back the way he went out, when he goes out to ride in the cane fields.

We had "breakfast" at the Vivienda of bacalao (salt codfish, very disgusting smelling stuff it is too, flavored with peppers and garlic!) and beefsteak. After lunch (breakfast), Mr. Armour came for Eva and took her back to Mr. Mott on the "Utowana," while I got dressed and went riding with Mrs. Reece and Mr. Hughes. We were out for 1½ hours.

When we returned, a man stepped up to me, called me "Señorita Barbour," passed the time of day, and asked me if I remembered him. I said perfectly frankly that I didn't, and was staggered when he said "Fernando Cartaya!" How a man can change as much as Fernando in one year is more than I can see! To be sure, he is still handsome, and always on horseback, and his spurs still make more noise than anyone else's, while his machete blade is still longer and shinier than any other, but the man has grown a moustache!! He was very polite to me and sent his "love and best regards to Señor Guillermito!!" We

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dined at Harvard House where Theodoro did himself up brown, and drove home in the Ford about 9.

Tuesday, February 10, 1931

This morning I got up when the 6.30 gong on the mill rang. Mr. Hughes and I went riding accompanied by Valeriano, a man who spoke no English at all, Fernando, and an apparent half-wit. It was rather exciting having a guard with us, and Valeriano was unusually agreeable to me, saying "Mees Barbour" when he spoke to me. I had great fun trying to understand the conversation which passed between Mr. Hughes and the third man who joined us (before we met Fernando and his friend) and incidentally trying to make Valeriano understand me. I used as many Spanish words as possible and his face lit up with pleasure each time I did (which wasn't often)!!

We were out about two hours or more and had a fine ride, although the grass was wet with dew, and Valeriano's and Mr. Hughes' horses both slipped on it and almost fell. We went through cane fields some of the time to see how well the cutters were progressing, and then through some rocky cattle pastures, where Fernando hoped in vain to be asked to show how well he could lasso cattle. I hated to leave at 11, when the track car was at the door. Mrs. Reece and David came with us to the dock, as did Mr. and

Mrs. Hughes, who both kissed me and brought a stream of hot tears to my eyes which I hastily dried before the scientists could see how weak I was. I tried to keep back the tears as we rounded the curve below the landing and I think nobody saw them. Both Mr. Reece and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard sent their love to Bill, and hoped to see him soon. Everybody here loves him.

Now we are back on the "Utowana." We had a fine lunch and I found that Mr. Mott had drawn me a beautiful picture while I was away. Eva was as sweet as ever and all the officers and crew bowed and saluted when we stepped aboard. We sailed at 2. I had another flood of tears at lunch which I think I concealed, and then we were out of the harbor and I tried to forget everything.

The sea is calm, although the air is wet and heavy. It rained this morning early and while we were riding, and the sky looks threatening. I hope we get to Grand Cayman before the storm breaks!

Wednesday, February 11, 1931

GEORGETOWN, GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND

We arrived at 10 this A.M. at Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island. The sea was rather rough, and we got quite wet before we reached the rocky inlet where we landed. It was too rough to go to the regular landing stage.

The entire population of Georgetown turned out to see us, and it was a relief to hear English spoken! We hired two motors with drivers, and parted at the landing, going in opposite directions. Daddy, Mother, Eva and I went in a red Flint touring car over to a place called the Race Track, which is simply a straight stretch of road, where we collected some land snails. We got over 1,000 of two distinct species, and possibly three. These species are peculiar to this island. At 1 o'clock we all met at the landing and came aboard for lunch, after which we returned on shore, got into our motors, and again parted until 3.30. We headed towards West Bay and en route stopped at different likely looking places where we hoped to find more shells. Instead of shells, this afternoon, Mother found a big snake which Daddy instantly caught, together with four lizards. We found a long snake's skin which we kept for luck, but no shells. "The Botanists" found some new cotton and corn seeds besides some "sapidilly" seeds (yellow variety, very rare). When we came aboard, we found the Commissioner, Mr. Firth, talking with Mr. Armour, and he stayed until almost dark. (We had planned to sail at 6!)

Later. We're off for Tela, Honduras via the Ruatan Islands! Here's hoping for decent weather! The sea's rolling slightly now.

Thursday, February 12, 1931

AT SEA

Calm sea still, for a wonder! We are due to stop in Swan Island this afternoon at 2 for two hours or so. The two "Botanists" want to collect, as does Daddy, and Mr. Mott and I are going fishing. It began to get really hot last night late, and our rooms are terribly stuffy in spite of wind scoops and electric fans. The wind is behind us. Perhaps that's why.

Later. We landed at Swan Island at 2 promptly. There are only twelve inhabitants besides the boobies (birds!) and man o'war hawks on the whole island. As we came into the harbor, someone raised the American flag! Mr. Armour, Mr. Mott and I went fishing while the others were ashore, but caught nothing! Each of us had a strike, but nothing came of it. We sailed for Tela about 4. It seems a sailboat from Ruatan came into the harbor at Swan Island and said that Ruatan and some ports of Honduras were infected with smallpox. Sparks was immediately requested to find out and report. I hope there isn't any, for that would mean avoiding both places, and Mother and I have never been to either! The boat is rolling a little now, but I don't think I'll feel it (actively!), as Daddy doesn't seem to notice it yet!

Sparks reported that there was smallpox at Ruatan but not at Tela. Three cheers!

Friday, February 13, 1931

This morning when we came on deck, we were passing Ruatan Island. It is a large island with jagged mountains on it covered with beautiful, deep, tropical forest. The sun was out, but some of the valleys were still wrapped in a soft mist. We land at Tela this P.M.

Later. We dropped anchor at 4, and after various port officials had gone through the formalities of the customs, the bill of health from Cienfuegos, the immigration, etc., we were allowed to go ashore.

On the dock we met a Mr. Ames and a Mr. Cloward, both very pleasant, and as we were driving home, someone, dressed in riding breeches, tall boots and leather hat, with a pistol at her belt, called to the driver to stop, and came running towards us. It was Mrs. Popenoe, who had just returned from the Ulua valley where she'd been excavating for painted pottery. We were delighted to see her again and Eva immediately became friendly too, as always, and we all dined at Mr. Ames'. We returned here at 9 or thereabouts and went to bed, for we make an early start tomorrow.

Saturday, February 14, 1931

TELA, HONDURAS

We went ashore early this morning, as we were going up to Lancetilla to see Daddy's snake farm. We went in two track cars (old Fords with train wheels and no steering wheel!). The ride of twenty minutes was through luxuriant forest most of the way, and was extremely pleasant.

At Lancetilla we met Mr. Rowe, the superintendent under Dr. Popenoe of the Botanical Experiment Station, and Mr. Stadleman, the keeper of the snakes. He seemed so young, and so frail to handle the deadly creatures, too, that I could scarcely believe my eyes when he scaled the wall round the cage and jumped into their midst! His assistant, an East Indian, then caught all the snakes, putting all the rattlesnakes into one box and all the "Barba Amarillas" (*fer de lance*) in another. Mr. Stadleman then took two small measuring glasses from his coat pocket, each with a thin sheet of rubber fastened over the top, and placed one of them on a tripod. Next his assistant caught a snake and he pinned its head to the ground with an iron rod fastened to a broom stick, and grasped it firmly just below the skull. This made the snake open his mouth, exposing his two poison fangs which were pushed through the thin rubber while Mr. Stadleman squeezed each poison

gland with his free hand and the yellow poison ran down into the glass.

When every snake had been "milked," we returned to the office, sat round for a time and then had lunch. In the afternoon, we took a track car up to Toloa Junction. The ride was beautiful. We went through dense forest for almost thirty miles, and then through groves of bananas. They were cutting somewhere in that district as a fruit boat is in port headed for England, and they are going to load her tonight.

The native Hondurians seem like a dreadfully bloodthirsty lot. They glance furtively at you when you pass any of them and never hesitate to shoot or slash with their machetes when they get angry. A murder was committed on the dock yesterday. Two men got mad with each other, and one drew his machete and cut the other's head off. Another man got angry with his brother and cut his arm off above the elbow!

We came out here for dinner, and had a fine time with the Popenoes. Dr. Popenoe came in this morning on the "San Blas" from Puerto Castilla.

Sunday, February 15, 1931

This morning we went round old Tela with Mrs. Popenoe, and then came out here for lunch. After lunch Mr. Armour told all kinds of anecdotes about his friend the Kaiser and Prince Henry of Prussia

and other German notables. We passed a pleasant, cool afternoon listening to him. It's a shame that he doesn't write down his memoirs, but he says he never will.

Later. We sailed from Tela at 6 or shortly after, and gave three salutes to our friends on shore, which were answered by the whistle of the "San Blas" lying at the Fruit Company wharf. We'll be in the Canal Zone in three days!

Monday, February 16, 1931

AT SEA

We passed a pleasant day, sitting in deck chairs after lessons were done, Mother knitting, Mr. Kempton and Mr. Collins reading and telling jokes alternately, Eva sewing pajamas and Mr. Mott telling funny stories. Daddy and Mr. Armour were the only ones who didn't come out, but preferred to read in the sitting room.

Tuesday, February 17, 1931

Nothing specially exciting happened today. This A.M. Mr. Collins and I went up on the bridge and then onto the upper deck for a moment, and this afternoon, after lunch, of Dad's favorite iguana stew which I tasted for the first time, we threw over a drift bottle with a message in it telling the latitude

and longitude, what boat we were, and with my name signed to it. This became a daily task. If it ever washes ashore anywhere, I'll be notified by the Hydrographic office of the Navy! The day was otherwise uneventful.

Wednesday, February 18, 1931

Rather rough weather this morning. I took Mr. Kempton up on the upper deck while the Captain was calculating the latitude and longitude for another drift paper. Much rougher after lunch, so much so that Daddy went below. The afternoon was pleasant but uneventful. We land at Cristobal some time this evening.

Later. We can see the lights of Colon and Cristobal now, only a glow on the horizon, but getting steadily brighter. There is quite a lot of phosphorescence in the water. Daddy still below!

Later. We got inside the Colon breakwater at about 10.45. Immediately on our anchoring a launch came out and we were received. The Port Doctor or some other official told us that a Pilot was standing by waiting to take us into our berth. I was hoping that Mr. Armour would say "not tonight," but he didn't, and we're tied up opposite to two United Fruit Company steamers. One is the "Calamares"; I can't

make out the name on the other. It's dreadfully hot with no breeze at all! My electric fan's out of order!

Thursday, February 19, 1931

We got up early this morning and read the mail which Mr. Zetek brought us. Daddy looks dreadfully, and says he feels very poorly still. At eleven thirty, we all (except Mr. Mott and Eva) set out and walked to the train. It is very hot, but the ride across the Isthmus was pleasant and cool. We saw several boats along the Canal. Everything looks very dry here, except Barro Colorado Island which seems green and flourishing. Mr. Higgins from the Botanical Experiment Station at Summit met us on the train as did Dr. Frank Chapman. Charles, our black chauffeur, who has not missed being at the station when Dad arrives here for years and years, was at the station as usual to meet us and we immediately came here (Hotel Tivoli, Ancon), where we have a suite of a room, bath and sitting-room. Mr. Armour has a room upstairs, Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton are staying at Summit.

As soon as we were safely upstairs, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Roberts, from the Peabody Museum, who's digging at Coclé (Penonomé) and Mr. Humphreys came in. He is the Assistant Chief Quartermaster of the Canal. Daddy and Mother have received an invitation to dine with Governor and Mrs. Burgess as

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has Mr. Armour. I'm dining with Mr. and Mrs. Zetek.

Later. I had a very pleasant dinner, after which Mrs. Zetek and I went to the movies and saw "Hallelujah." When I returned here I found Daddy in bed. He was too ill to go to the Governor's dinner but Mother went, and had a fine time with all the celebrities of the Zone!!

Friday, February 20, 1931

HOTEL TIVOLI, ANCON, C. Z.

This morning we got up and met Dr. J. Cunningham and Mr. Daniel Ladd from Boston. We motored around Panama City and out to Fort Amador and Quarry Heights. We lunched together at the Union Club in Panama. This afternoon we are going to tea with General and Mrs. Preston Brown, and are dining this evening with Mr. and Mrs. George Schaffer, he being Vice President of the Chase National Bank and in charge of the Panama branch.

Later. Mother feels terribly this afternoon and is in bed now, so Daddy and I went alone to the Brown's tea. It was great fun! We had a very pleasant evening at the Schaffer's. Dr. Clark came home with us and saw Mother. She still has a high fever, but says she feels much better. She and Dad and both botan-

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ists seem to have picked up probably "sand fly fever" which is abundant just now at Tela.

Saturday, February 21, 1931

Mother is still poorly this morning and Daddy finds that \$500 was robbed from his trousers' pocket some time during the night! We (Daddy and I) went to the bank and drew some more money, and then to the Commissary where we did a few errands. Daddy then went to Mr. Zetek's to write his annual report of the Barro Colorado Island Laboratory and I returned here to be with Mother. We all lunched together in the room and Daddy went back to Mr. Zetek's this afternoon. He still looks badly, and says he feels very shaky still!

Later. We dined together with Mr. Shropshire in the room, and after dinner Daddy, Mr. Shropshire and I went out for a motor drive. It was lovely and we drove out towards Fort Amador to see the fleet.

Unfortunately the sentry wouldn't let us pass, but we returned and motored around the docks at Balboa to see the U. S. S. "Texas," flagship of the fleet, and the U. S. S. "California" which are tied up there. We saw them signalling back and forth to the ships in the bay, and I wished I could read Morse Code more than ever before. It is very warm and all the officers and most of the men on the battleships

were asleep in cots on the decks! We returned here, after having left Mr. Shropshire at his house, and passed an uneasy night.

Sunday, February 22, 1931

Fortunately Mother feels better this morning and after breakfast upstairs, we took Charles and motored out to Summit to see Mr. Higgins' Botanical Garden there. He picked a spray of lovely blue flowers (*Petrea*) off one of the trees there, also two sprays of pink flowers very much like clematis, and presented them to Mother, together with some papayas. We returned here to find the hotel crowded with 600 jabbering American tourists and decided to lunch at the Century Club. It was very pleasant there and we had a fine laugh watching two drunken sailors from one of the battleships reeling along the street kissing each other, and with their arms clasped about each other's waists. They were finally stopped by two "Shore Patrolmen" and walked up the street to sober off. We then took Charles and drove into Panama City. Mother and I went to Gordil's shop where we saw a beautiful antique gold bowl in the window. We inquired of Mr. Gordil where it came from and he explained that it came from Coclé Province and was gold laid over pottery. It weighed 850 grams and was 6 inches in diameter. The depth was about 3 inches and it had three little

feet on it. The man wanted \$800 for it, so we let it alone. Mother saw some little gold ornaments similar to the ones we have at home and bought one piece of three little lizards side by side with their tails curled up over their backs for \$35.00. She says the Peabody Museum won't get these as they did the others, and wears them as a pin.

We then drove to Isaac Maduro's where we saw a pair of gold bats, but the two were so exactly alike and so perfectly matched that Daddy said they were probably imitations anyway. An exorbitant price was fixed on them, and Mother didn't buy them. Daddy bought me another coin — an American \$1 gold piece issued in 1852 — and I wear it on my bracelet for luck.

When we returned, Mrs. Zetek called me up and I went out to drive with her and Mr. Zetek and their two nieces. They both spoke a little English, and tried, without much success, to teach me Spanish by speaking slowly to me.

Every attempt I made at answering in their native tongue produced roars of laughter, and I stopped after a while! We drove out to old Panama, and over to the Fortified Islands where we had a fine view of the fleet at sunset. Mrs. Zetek then suggested that we drive over to the docks to see the "Utowana," which landed here this afternoon late, and I took them aboard and showed them round. None of the

others were there and I don't know if Mr. Armour will be angry or not with me for taking such liberties, but I don't think he will.

The Zeteks then made us a short call here and left. Daddy went to dine with Mr. Armour at the Century Club and Mother and I dined here together. We passed a pleasant evening slouching in easy chairs as it was too warm to do much else! and Mother still feels very weak and shaky.

Monday, February 23, 1931

This morning we took Charles and drove over to the Gorgas Laboratory to see Dr. Clark. We walked all through the building and saw people studying "bugs" that carried malaria, relapsing fever and tick fever, animals that had been infected with various nasty diseases, and germs of all sorts under the microscope.

Mr. Armour invited us to lunch with him, but we couldn't as we went out to Pedro Miguel to see some bats. They are very interesting and bite the ribs of palm leaves, so that when the leaves bend down, they have a cool, shady place where they can spend the day. We collected one bat and one leaf, which Mr. Lewis, the photographer in Panama, took pictures of. Today is a big day here as H. M. S. "Nelson," one of the biggest battleships in the world, is docking in Balboa this P.M. at 3.30. We are going on board the yacht to watch her come in.

Later. We lunched at the Commissary Restaurant and went straight to the dock afterwards. The harbor is a gay sight. Every boat has its flags flying in honor of Washington and we took several pictures of the submarines drawn up in line between the "Mother ships," across the harbor from the "Utowana." Down the dock a little way are the U. S. S. "Texas," flagship of the U. S. Fleet, and the U. S. S. "California." The "Nelson" tied up just ahead of the "Utowana," so we had a fine view of her. She came steaming out of the Canal promptly at 3.25, her men lined up on the decks in uniform, the special Royal Marine Guard, in khaki and brass buttons, at "Present Arms," and the two cannons amidships alternately firing seventeen salutes. Suddenly, as she came nearer, we heard a bugle blast, and some of the sailors ran round to where the lifeboats were, and lowered two over the side.

The "Texas" band, meantime, played "God Save the King," and the huge, dark grey dreadnaught slowly came into her berth. The dock was lined with cheering crowds, many of the West Indian British "Objects" wearing their war decorations. As soon as the "Nelson" had been made fast, a bugle blast sounded, and all her flags were broken out and she dressed ship in a second almost. She flew the White Ensign on the stern-mast, the American flag on the main-mast, and the Union Jack at the bow. Soon the

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companionway was in place, and Admiral Chase went aboard. (He has a lower rank than Ad. Hodges. Therefore he had to make the first party call!) Of course he was piped over the side. Soon afterwards, Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, Commander-in-Chief of the British Atlantic Fleet, went on board the "Texas." We had great fun watching them thru' binoculars.

Later. This evening Mr. A. gave a dinner of fourteen on board here. Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Captain Landanberger, and Mr. Kempton's brother-in-law, Lt.-Commander Lester Hudson were the guests. We had a fine time.

Tuesday, February 24, 1931

This morning we went shopping in Panama and then took a long drive out to the Rio Tocumen to see the forest and saw a fine colony of oropendulas nest-building, and then drove down to the dock to see the "Nelson" again. Mr. A. invited us to lunch on the yacht, and as we stepped aboard we all but bumped into Admiral Chase and three of his aides. (They were rear admirals as they wore two stars on their epaulettes.) I was introduced to all of them but forget their names.

Admiral Chase invited us to tea on the "Texas" this afternoon. Lunch on the "Utowana" was very

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pleasant. Mrs. Zetek and her niece tried to teach me some Spanish words. I can say, "Se viene aeroplano!" now, and, wonders never cease, I understand it!!!

We had a fine time at the tea; I met four admirals, Admiral Chase, Admiral Sir Michael, and two others, also the British Minister here, Sir Braithwaite Wallis, an old friend of Dad's.

Mother and Daddy met their old friend Captain Poteet and he came on board for tea as did Captain Landanberger (U. S. S. "Arkansas") and Captain and Mrs. Woodward (the Port Captain). Mr. Mott took Mother and me out to dinner at the Union Club. It was very gay, officers and wives were dancing, gold braid flashing and corks popping!! Daddy went out to a "stag dinner" given for him by the staff of the Gorgas Laboratory and had a fine time.

Wednesday, February 25, 1931

Today is the Governor's garden party in honor of Admiral Chase and Admiral Hodges, and fortunately, it is a pleasant day. This morning we had our hair washed, so we didn't have much chance to shop. We two lunched at the Tivoli, as Daddy was at B. C. I., and lay down after lunch to rest our weary bones before the party. Finally half-past five came, we took Charles and drove to the Governor's. The garden was white with officers in uniform and gold braid

mingled with the jingling of British decorations. A platform was built up at one end of the lawn for dancing. The Governor and Mrs. Burgess introduced us again to Sir Michael Hodges, Sir Braithwaite Wallis, Admiral Chase and many aides. When the President of Panama arrived they played the Panamanian National Anthem and everybody stood up. Mother poured chocolate and Mrs. Schaffer tea. Mrs. Woodward introduced me to two British midshipmen — Geoffrey V. Galway and William Beuter — and they in turn introduced me to some of their friends from the "Nelson." It was a great party. The band off the U. S. S. "Texas" played alternately for dancing with the Fort Amador band, and then the marines played "God Save the King" and the "Star Spangled Banner" at sundown, when the colors were lowered, and a full bugle corps marched out on the lawn and sounded "colors." At dusk the colored lights which were strung from tree to tree in the garden were turned on and everything was very gay.

We dined, after the party with Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer, and then went to a Charity Ball at the Miramar Club. There I met some officers off the "New Mexico," the "West Virginia" and the "Texas," besides two British officers off the "Nelson." It was beautifully run, and in between dances, many of the most fashionable Panamanians danced the "Tamborito."

We were exhausted when we returned here at 1 and immediately retired.

Thursday, February 26, 1931

This A.M. Mrs. Schaffer took us over to the bank to see Mr. Raoul Espinosa's gold ornaments which were taken from Coclé. He had some beauties and we pored over them for a time and then went shopping.

This afternoon is the reception on board the "Nelson," but I don't think I can go as Mother doesn't want to. We shall drive in the country instead. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Morris where I met Ensign Allen off the U. S. S. "New Mexico." It was very cool and pleasant and the time passed so quickly that we never left 'til almost midnight!

Friday, February 27, 1931

This morning we took a long drive out to a place called Alahuela, Panama, where a huge dam is soon to be under construction. Its name is Madden Dam. The road went through the new Government Forest Reserve which Dad got the Governor to set aside last year and the woods were simply beautiful. Long vines hung festooned from tree to tree, parroquets and other gayly colored birds and butterflies flitted about, and the sun was warm and pleasant. We crossed the "Las Cruces" trail which used to be the old gold road from Porto Bello to Old Panama and

which connects with the arch bridge at Old Panama, the first bridge ever built in America, and could still see the old cobblestone road winding through the forest. We lunched aboard the yacht, and much to my joy I found that the reception on the "Nelson" was this afternoon, and Eva and Mr. Armour said they'd take me. Just before we started down the dock Captain Holmes of the "Cincinnati" and Captain Pickens (U. S. S. "Detroit") came aboard. They walked down the dock with us, and when we stepped aboard the "Nelson," the boatswain's whistle blew deafeningly at us. That's the first time I ever was "piped over the side" and probably the last, but I got a great thrill out of it.

We then again saw Admiral Sir Michael and Admiral Chase, also Captain Ritchie. I saw Willie Beuter for a moment and he looked Jeffie Galway up for me. Eva and Mr. Armour didn't want to bother about going over the boat, so Jeffie and I went alone. He showed me the relics of Lord Nelson, the trophies the boat had won, the mess halls, the guns, the searchlights and even the bridge. When we returned from our expedition, the British Royal Marine band was lined up on the dock alongside the ship and began to march up and down playing "Old Lang Syne" and other familiar tunes.

They marched beautifully and I enjoyed seeing them very much. When they had finished we looked

everywhere for Eva and Mr. Armour but they weren't there, so we made for the gangway. Unfortunately, Captain Watson of the "Nelson," who's Jeffie's master, was standing right by the gangway, so of course, I had to go alone, as Jeffie didn't dare risk being seen. Admiral Kemppf and his aide besides three or four other admirals and captains including one commander from the "Nelson," were on board, but I couldn't remember their names, so I went out on deck and sat with Mr. Kempton. I hadn't been there more than a minute when Antonio appeared and told me that a gentleman desired to speak to me. It was Jeffie, who had eluded Captain Watson for a while.

We had a pleasant chat outside on deck and then we went inside, as an admiral had spotted us out of the window and wanted to be introduced. He too had been to the reception, and was slightly "bottled" as Jeffie said before he came aboard, and as he had had two cocktails when we saw him, he was in a very pleasant frame of mind. He made both Jeffie and me blush crimson when he advised us always to be faithful to each other, and then gave Jeffie a long talk about what he should do when he became an admiral. At 7 Jeffie left as he had to be on his own ship for dinner, and at 8 the admiral finally stepped ashore, still clicking his false teeth in a very wise manner. After dinner, Jeffie and a friend Phil Aubrey came over and sat on deck with me for a long while.

Jeffie gave me an H. M. S. "Nelson" hatband while Phil was signing in the book and I am going to keep it always. At 9.15 we took leave of each other and they went back to the "Nelson" as they sail tomorrow at 6 A.M. I'm passing the night on board tonight and getting up early to see the "Nelson" pass the locks of the Canal.

Saturday, February 28, 1931

"UTOWANA," BALBOA HARBOR

Eva woke me up at 5.30 this morning, and I was dressed and on deck just as the dawn was breaking. At six two tugs fastened themselves to the "Nelson" and slowly pulled her out into the harbor.

We rushed breakfast and reached Miraflores locks by motor before the "Nelson," so we had a fine view of her as she came in. She is so big and clumsy that she grated first on one side and then on the other, and scratched most of the "eyebrows" above the portholes off. Captain Watson and another gentleman came off and spoke to us as we were up in the control tower while the ship went thru'. I saw Jeffie and Phil, and finally, Willie appeared and wished me "bon voyage" and "see you soon" — very nice of them.

When the boat got out of the locks, we went to Summit and walked round Mr. Higgins' experimental garden there again. We returned here for

lunch, and Mother and I drove with Daddy to the Commissary and then out round Fort Amador and the Fortified Islands to get cool. The rudder-post on the Utowana is still broken, but we expect the new one to be finished tomorrow. We dined at the Hotel Colombia, and had a nice peaceful time until a drove of Americans came in slightly "bottled," I may add, and sang songs, mostly navy ones which leads me to believe that they were navy officers, tho' they were all in civilian clothing. We returned here and passed the night sweltering in our cabins.

Sunday, March 1, 1931

This morning at six, I was awakened by the sound of the Diesels starting up. We sailed from Balboa for La Union, Salvador, at 6.05, and by 7 were out amongst the warships in the harbor. Mr. Collins and I watched for the "Medusa" from the bridge, but couldn't make her out, as it was sort of hazy. We passed the "Omaha" and the "Lexington" and "Saratoga" so near that we had a fine view of them. The rest of the day was uneventful. We saw one lone porpoise and some sea birds but nothing else. The sea is living up to its name, for it is absolutely calm without much wind, and what there is, is a following one.

The heat below is simply dreadful. You could cut the air in my room with a knife.

Monday, March 2, 1931

AT SEA

This morning while Mother and I were at breakfast, one toot sounded from the bridge, and knowing that the signal meant something interesting ahead, we got up and looked. An immense school of porpoises was coming towards us, jumping out of the water one after another, but apparently looking for food, as they didn't play under the bow. A little later on we saw a whale spouting in the distance.

Almost every hour during the day, something interesting comes to the surface and we all flock out in the bow to have a look at it. It is cool and pleasant on deck, but the wind is still behind us, and it's awfully hot below.

Tuesday, March 3, 1931

Much hotter this morning, 92° F. The wind is still behind us and we loll in deck chairs sleeping and reading alternately. We passed lots of porpoises and four whales today, but we hadn't the energy to keep running out to the bow but hung over the rail to watch them.

Later. This afternoon late the wind suddenly shifted and blew from the north and in ten minutes the

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ocean became black and angry. The boat was batted around like a cork and we shipped a lot of water. I was sitting out to get the air with Mr. Kempton and Mr. Collins when a big wave broke over the side and soaked me completely. Eva was drenched too. The boat rolled 15° each way, and pretty soon Daddy made his way downstairs and went to bed. I didn't feel sick, just a little uncertain.

Wednesday, March 4, 1931

It's cooler today than it was yesterday and the sea has calmed down considerably. We sat round on deck all morning after I'd finished lessons. Mr. Armour says we'll land in La Union at 4.30. We're in sight of Nicaragua now (12.35).

Later. Mr. Armour was right. We dropped anchor at 4.30 and the port officials immediately came out and passed us.

This harbor is one of the most beautiful I have ever been in. It is surrounded with mountains, some of them like Conchagua and Coseguina extinct volcanoes, and the distant ones over in Honduras are wrapped in a haze of mist. The port of Cotuco is quite a distance from where we are, and we can see the lights from the deck. Dr. Popenoe came out to dinner in company with a Señor Roberto Lopez Harrison, the President's aide, and we had a pleasant

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cool evening chatting outside. "Pop" as usual, was in great form, and Mr. Harrison spoke a little English which improved matters considerably.

Thursday, March 5, 1931

SAN SALVADOR, R. DE S.

We got up early this morning and after breakfast at 7.10, we came ashore in the tender. A private car which Dad got Dr. Pop to arrange for, was waiting for us on the dock, and after climbing a pair of the shakiest stairs I've ever seen, we climbed in. Eva, Mr. Kempton, Mr. Collins and I sat in the back seat, riding backwards, and had a very good view of the country as we passed. The ride was very dusty, as this is the height of the dry season, but in spite of heat and dust the journey of six hours was very pleasant. We passed the Volcan de San Miguel with a cloud of smoke rising from its crater, and a little further on we crossed a huge lava flow. The ground was covered with a black jagged coating of lava which came down in 1897. Scarcely anything was growing on the rocks, but the Indians barefooted, were walking about on it. As we climbed higher and higher into the mountains we went by lakes, first Olomeca and then Ilopango, shrunk somewhat by the drought, but nevertheless beautiful, where white egrets fed and stalked about. We stopped to let the

"regular" train go by at a little town called Lempa where we took lunch of sandwiches put up by Ernest, and iced beer. (I didn't have any.) We arrived here at 2.10, exactly six hours after leaving the port near La Union. It is warm and sunny, but the evenings are supposed to be cool. Mother, Daddy, Eva and I are dining with the American Minister, Mr. Warren Robbins, whom we met at the station. Lots of Salvadorean officials and the President of the University were also at the station. We are staying at the Hotel Astoria — a clean, decent hotel with a "fine cuisine and excellent service." Mr. Armour is going to put up at the Legation. Unfortunately, I don't speak much Spanish, and the maids at the hotel speak no English. However, I managed to get a mosquito net for myself and one for Mr. Collins. Rooms very very scarce and the hotel is not large.

Later. We dined at 8.45 at the American Legation and just as I began to taste my soup, I felt suddenly faint, and had to leave the table in a hurry! What a thing to do at someone else's house!!! Mrs. Robbins was sweet to me and did not seem to mind.

I was all right after a few minutes, however, and was able to finish supper. At the Legation we met the secretary to the Legation and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Finley. They were both very nice. We returned here at 11 or thereabouts and went straight

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to bed. It isn't nearly as cool at night here as I expected! This capital is only about 2,500' altitude, not like San José in Costa Rica which was much cooler.

Friday, March 6, 1931

HOTEL ASTORIA, SAN SALVADOR, R. DE S.

This morning, in spite of the fact that I felt very weak, Eva, Mother and I walked round the market. It was very interesting. All sorts of wares were displayed and Indians with huge bundles on their heads walked to and fro bartering and bargaining with each other. At 10.30, Mrs. Robbins came for us in her car and drove us out to the museum to see the pottery collection there. It was a lovely one, with quite a few perfect pieces, and some of the painted designs were very like the Honduranian ones that Mrs. Popenoe showed us in Tela. After walking around the museum, we went to the post office where we got stamps and then out to the Coffee Finca of Mrs. Miguel Dueñas. Mrs. Dueñas took us all around her mill, and showed us just how the coffee beans were sorted, peeled, dried and packed in bags. She then showed us her collection of pottery that was found on her property. Her collection was almost as good as the one at the museum, and contained some almost perfect bowls with painted designs on them. We lunched at the American Legation with Mrs. Robbins and

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Mrs. Finley, and returned here for a nap in the afternoon.

It isn't cool at all, and the only ventilation in our room is the door which, because it opens directly onto the street, we keep closed for modesty's sake! Mr. Kempton joined us late in the afternoon and we watched a religious procession, where a priest walked along the street followed by a large crowd of Indians carrying a huge figure of Christ and answering the responses after the priest.

We dined here and Pop took Eva to a movie, while the rest of us went to bed like honest Christians.

Saturday, March 7, 1931

Eva went back to La Libertad with Mr. Armour this morning and after she left, we sat round 'til 10.30 when we took a motor and, accompanied by a very pleasant official, Don Felix Choussy, who spoke excellent French drove again to the museum where we showed Daddy and the "Botanists" the painted pottery and the fossil bones.

After about an hour we drove to the flower market where we saw the Indian women making paper flowers or selling real ones. Mother bought some beautiful lilies, Easter and Amaryllis, some of those "Dancing Girl" orchids and some gardenias. When we returned here, Mr. Kempton helped us put them in water, and then sat in our room with us until lunch time.

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We leave here for La Libertad this afternoon at 3 by motor. They say that the road is good and not awfully dusty, so we expect to have a pleasant ride of a couple of hours or so downhill all the way.

Later. About 3.00 we packed the six dozen orchids (costing \$1.50 American money), three large bunches of gardenias (costing \$1.00 American) and the lilies into two saddle bags that Pop got for us this morning. We had a devilish time packing the two antique pottery bowls which a French gentleman gave Daddy, but we finally managed with newspaper. Pop, Mr. Collins and the French gentleman went in one car with some of the bags, and we three and Mr. Kempton went in the other with the flowers. On the way we stopped at the American Legation where we returned Mr. Robbins' handkerchief, and incidentally we saw the bullet hole in the front door the servant made when he tried to shoot Mr. Robbins last night. The other car got ahead of us, naturally, and our driver speeded all the way over the worst road I've ever seen, trying to catch up. The road was paved for about 3 or 4 miles, after that it was absolutely hopeless all the rest of the way, and wound down the mountains, twisting and turning above precipices. I was scared to death and found myself first clutching Mother on one side, then Mr. Kempton on the other.

The dust rose in clouds around us, and I hope I never take such a drive again.

At last we reached La Libertad and I may say I was thankful when the car came to a grinding standstill. We found the others already there, and sat on benches near the sea wall to watch the huge rollers break into surf on the rocky beach. It was so rough in the harbor (there isn't even a sign of a harbor, but that's what it's called just the same) that we couldn't use the tender off the "Utowana," and had to be lowered into a great sea-going launch in the "bo'sun's chair" among the cheers of the assembled crowd on the dock. First we sent the bags and the Captain, next Mother, Pop, Mr. Kempton and I went, while Mr. Collins took movies of the whole procedure. The thing swung us out over the launch, then lowered us down at breakneck speed into the teetering boat, and then jounced us up and down twice!! It was awfully hot and sticky ashore as we sat waiting while Dad got our permits to leave the country from the Comandancia.

We were a little surprised and sore when we finally climbed out of the chair and waited to see Daddy and Mr. Collins lowered over. At last, we were all safely lowered into the boat which bumped the pier and washed back and forth with the great swells, and reached the yacht, slightly shaky and pretty wet from surf. In spite of the heaving sea, we managed

to crawl up the steps where Eva, Mr. Mott and Mr. Armour met us, looking very fierce in Mexican "sombremos" and gaudily colored pajamas. We sailed at about 5.30 for San José, Guatemala, and hope to get there tomorrow morning at 4. We are supposed to pass Mount Izalco this evening and as it is called the "Lighthouse of the Pacific," we ought to see it in eruption.

Later. Just before dinner, we passed what I think was the mountain, as tongues of flame shot into the hazy sky from a fiery glowing furnace. Daddy said it was a brush fire but I know better.

Sunday, March 8, 1931

PALACE HOTEL, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA

When I got up this morning everything was in confusion. Dr. "Pop" was running up and down wildly excited, Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton were whispering eagerly at each other, Daddy was chewing his finger, and Eva looking round in a general way. Mr. Mott alone seemed calm. The Skipper as we now call Mr. Armour was on the bridge. On inquiring what was the matter, I was told by Mr. Kempton, with bated breath, that we'd missed San José in the fog and had been sailing up and down the coast since 4 trying to find it.

We all took turns scanning the shore with the glasses trying to find it, but without success. Pop finally suggested to Mr. Armour not to turn around again as we were headed north and he thought we'd reach San José before long. Meantime Mother kept anxiously looking at her watch, as the train to Guatemala City left at 11.50. Finally at 10.30 we sighted San José and a few minutes later dropped anchor. We waited and waited until Mr. Armour told the Captain to blow three *loud* blasts on the whistle in hopes of rousing the port officials. At last a little boat struggled out to the yacht, and thanks to Pop we were passed and sent ashore. The dock was the most rickety of its kind I've ever seen but we managed to scramble along it, after having been loaded out of the launch in the "bo'sun's chair," and boarded the train not a minute too soon! We had to leave our passports to be stamped and to come up after us tomorrow.

We had a fine ride, in a private car, thanks to Dad and the United Fruit Company, and the scenery, in spite of the drought, was lovely. We passed lofty mountains and steep chasms, until, after lunch of Ernest's sandwiches we passed Palin, a large Indian city where many women in the loveliest native costumes came out to sell every sort of tropical fruit. Later we went by Lake Atitlan, and saw the boiling springs which empty into it on one side coming from

a hillside very near the railway line. Just after the train reached here it began to pour with rain, and soon the dry gutters along the dirt roads were roaring torrents. The station at Guatemala City was jammed with jostling Indians either carrying baskets on their heads, or babies strapped to their backs, or both.

When we got to the hotel, Mrs. Popenoe and Nancy and Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse, the American Minister, came to see us. We're dining with the Popenoes tonight as "Pop" goes to Santa Rosa to look for wild corn relatives with the "Bots" tomorrow, and we are dining at the Whitehouses' tomorrow evening.

Later. We had a very pleasant time at the Popenoes' where Mrs. Popenoe showed us her new drawings of pottery from the Ulua valley, and returned here at 9.30 or thereabouts. Mother and I tossed up for the comfortable bed, and she, of course won. I hope mine's soft enough to sleep on. We have funny big rooms with stone flagged floors and with huge windows with iron grills in them looking right out on the sidewalk.

Monday, March 9, 1931

This morning we took breakfast here, saw the Botanists off for Santa Rosa with Pop, and went out to pick up Mrs. Popenoe. She drove us round the city,

and we ended up at the Aurora Park, where we had a fine time watching a family of monkeys.

After lunch together here, Mrs. Popenoe took us to her hairdresser's, and we had a well-needed shampoo. That over we motored round a little, and took Mrs. Popenoe home. We are dining tonight with Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse.

Later. At 7.50, we picked Mrs. Popenoe up again and drove over to the Legation. Mrs. and Mr. Whitehouse were very genial, and we had a most pleasant evening together. We returned here after leaving Mrs. Popenoe at home. It is very cold, — unbelievably so, in fact, — and we nearly froze to death going out to dine. I wish I'd taken my heavy coat but Mother said "No" against my better judgment. This city is over 5,000 feet in altitude.

Tuesday, March 10, 1931

We took breakfast at a very nice little tea-room in a lovely old Spanish colonial house that Mrs. Whitehouse told us of. At 9.30, we got into our motor, picked Mrs. Popenoe up, and started out for Antigua. Just opposite the American Legation, some men were working on the road, and I got a piece of gravel into my eye. We turned back, and Daddy and Mrs. Popenoe poked and picked at my eye, nearly killing me. Finally we decided to go to

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Dr. Molloy, he's a friend of Dad's who has charge of the Rockefeller Institute's sanitation work here. We thought that perhaps he might be able to take the speck out. He couldn't, but got in the car with us, and took me to see a Dr. Bickford. He, fortunately, could and said that although the speck was out, my eyeball was scratched, so he put some cocain in my eye, and after dropping Dr. Molloy, we set out for Antigua again.

This time we arrived without mishap. The road was steep and awfully dusty, and we could look down on the roofs of the city from San Rafael where we took lunch.

In Antigua we went to the Escuela de Cristo, a lovely church, the Iglesia San Francisco, the Cathedral and the Popenoes' house, a wonderful old one which they are restoring. Coming back the machine ran out of water, and we had an awful time getting to San Rafael where we met "Pop" and the Botanists. They all had beer together and we parted, they going on to Antigua to pass the night, and we returning here. We four dined at the Palmer tea-room and retired early.

Wednesday, March 11, 1931

This morning we went for Mrs. Popenoe and drove about the city, visiting, among other things, an orchid garden where we saw some lovely flowers that are

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THE PLAZA AT SAN ANTONIO DE AGUAS CALIENTES, GUATEMALA



OUTSIDE THE MARKET AT CHIMALTENANGO, GUATEMALA

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

going to Miami tomorrow by aeroplane for a big flower show.

We lunched with Dr. and Mrs. Molloy, and returned here afterward. At 4, we made a call on Mrs. Armstrong, a pleasant Honduranian lady, and at 5 went to the Whitehouses' to tea. At 7.30 the Molloyes and Mrs. Popenoe met us here and Mr. and Mrs. Ricketson joined us a little later at Palmers' for dinner.

When we returned here at 9.30, I was sent to bed while the others had liqueurs in the lobby. It is still cold, but warms up a little in the middle of the day, for which we are all grateful as we only have our thin dresses and spring overcoats!

Thursday, March 12, 1931

This morning we got up early, took breakfast here, and went in our car to Antigua. When we first started out, it was dreadfully cold as the sun had not yet come out from behind a haze of clouds that covered the mountain-tops. We all met at the Manchen Hotel and from there we all went to San Antonio de Aguas Calientes, an old Indian town with a beautiful church. We bought some native weaving from an Indian woman, and then we three returned to Antigua, and motored out over an almost perpendicular road to another Indian town called Chimaltenango.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

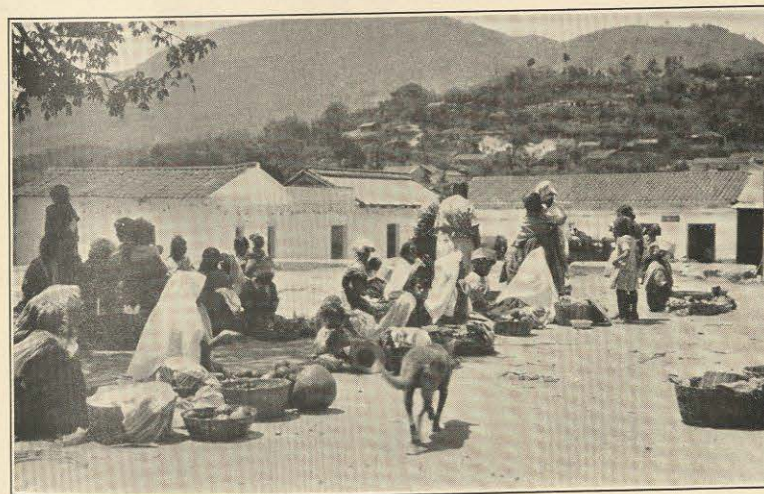
It was dreadfully dusty, and cold in spite of the fact that the sun was out. Daddy took some pictures of the Indian market, the church and the public laundry. Coming back from Chimaltenango, we stopped at a small village called Jocotenango where we saw the church. We met Pop and the "Botanists" at the Manchen for a late lunch and they invited me to go back to Guatemala with them. Before we started home, we stopped at the Iglesia de San Juan del Obispo, which is way up on a hill overlooking Antigua. The view from there is beautiful — the city spread out in a valley surrounded by lofty mountains. The ride home was bumpy but shorter than I had hoped and when we returned, a Marimba band was playing in the lobby. When Daddy and Mother came back they engaged a table and we and the Botanists listened to the Marimba until we were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Molloy who stayed talking until 8. Finally Mrs. Molloy handed Mother a small package and told her she hoped Mother'd like it. When Mother opened the tissue paper, she beheld the piece of lovely ancient Indian pottery with the jaguar design on it that she had admired so much at Mrs. Molloy's house.

After dinner at the Palmers' we returned here and the grown-ups had liqueurs in the lobby. Suddenly we heard a roar, as if a heavy truck were passing and the floor began to tremble under us like "something

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THE PARROQUIA AT JOCOTENANGO, GUATEMALA



THE OPEN AIR MARKET AT MIXCO, GUATEMALA

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

possessed." It only lasted a second or so, and on inquiring, I found it had been an earthquake!

We three went to bed a little nervous, but didn't feel the ones that came during the night.

Friday, March 13, 1931

This morning we took breakfast at the Palmers' and then went out to the Popenoes'. Mrs. Popenoe took us to the market and bought all sorts of things for us, as Daddy won't allow us to go into it on account of the typhus here. Daddy and Pop disappeared just before lunch, but the rest of us lunched together here. After lunch, or rather just before, we were told by Daddy that a new law had just been passed in Mexico, whereby every alien entering that country has to have 7 extra photographs besides a passport. Eva and Mr. Armour were taking the train for San José at 3, it being then 1, but they managed to get through in time, though I don't see how. Daddy and Pop spent some time at the Mexican Embassy, meantime we finished lunch and came back here.

Mother and Mrs. Popenoe went out to Mr. Carney's, as they do about every day, for the old spurs Mother ordered and got some lovely old textiles and other things. Mr. Collins went to bed as he has not been well today and felt tired, and Mr. Kempton and I sat here together. At about 5.30 the others returned and they went out into the lobby. We sent

the "Pops" home in our car, waited round a time and then spruced up for dinner at Mrs. Ricketson's. The "Pops" met us here at 8.05 and we all went out together leaving poor Mr. Collins alone.

At dinner we met a Señor Castañeda, the President's aide and at about 10, while we were chatting together there came another roar and then the house began to rock back and forth like a crazy thing. I confess I was scared to death, but the others only laughed and said it was nothing but a slight shock.

Saturday, March 14, 1931

Last night I made up my mind that I'd sleep half dressed, and slung my overcoat over the end of the bed in case of emergency, put on my jewelry and prepared to pass a sleepless night. Pressure was brought to bear, however, and I ended by sleeping peacefully, entirely forgetting earthquakes, and never feeling the one we had in the night.

After breakfast at Mr. Palmer's, we rushed off to the Mexican Embassy, so as to be there promptly at 9.30 to sign our passports and identification cards. Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton came with us and together we sat there from 9.30 to almost 11.10! I never was even called upon to sign my name, but the others all had to. After that we returned here, picked up our car and drove out to the Parque Aurora

to watch the monkeys again, where we stayed until lunch time.

We lunched with the Popenoes and had a fine time, and returned here afterwards to pack as we leave early tomorrow morning.

At 7, Dr. Molloy and his wife came over to see us, and a few minutes later Major Geyer and Mr. Bates blew in, and we sat in the lobby listening to a Marimba concert, Mr. Kempton growing steadily hungrier and looking hopefully at the clock. At 8.35, they all left, and we had a belated dinner and went to bed. I enjoyed the Marimba, however, thoroughly.

Sunday, March 15, 1931

"UTOWANA." SAN JOSÉ, GUATEMALA. AT ANCHOR

Daddy woke us up at 5.30 this morning and we hastily dressed and jammed last-minute things into our bags. Mr. Collins and Mr. Kempton took breakfast with Mother and me (Daddy had finished long before we began eating), and we went straight to the train. Mr. Bates and the "Pops" were there to tell us "goodbye" and Pop came down with us. Mrs. Popenoe wanted to but couldn't because little Nancy was in bed with a nasty cold.

The trip down started by being cold, but after we passed Esquintla it became gradually hotter and hotter. Our tongues were hanging out when we ar-

rived at San José, and we were glad when we got aboard here. Luckily the pier has been partially cemented and Eva and Mr. Armour came to meet us. Dad had quite a time finding the Comandante to stamp our passports to leave the country, as he was at lunch. We were lowered one by one in the "bo'-sun's chair" into the launch and I was thankful when that was over.

We sailed for Puerto Angel, Mexico, at 3.30. The sea is calm and we ought to have a fine trip up the coast.

Monday, March 16, 1931

AT SEA

Uneventful day so far. The sea is still calm. The coast seems uneven and rugged. Occasionally we pass a narrow strip of yellow beach, more often rocks. Everything is dry and parched from the sun.

Later. Beginning to get rough. In fact, Daddy's gone below and I'm beginning to feel shaky myself. The wind is howling in the rigging and the spray from the lashing waves has completely soaked the forward deck.

For a time, I was the only woman at the table. Mother went to bed just before dinner, and Eva didn't appear until after the soup was finished.

I had to go outside before dessert. I went to bed early.

Tuesday, March 17, 1931

Still very rough. I have scarcely strength enough to write these few words! I woke up twice last night, the ship rolled so. Another time, I was soaked by a deluge of water which spouted down my ventilator when a huge wave struck the side and shot its spray higher than the foremast head!

I staggered upstairs this morning at 8 or thereabouts but declined to eat anything except saltines. Mr. Kempton very kindly stayed with me all morning, and we sat in deck chairs near the parlor door on the leeward side. Just after I came up, a huge wave struck the ship, and we rolled 31°, 11° more than in the Crooked Island Passage. Mother and Daddy are both below. I had a glimpse of Eva this morning, but I think she went below, too. At lunch I was able to eat, but when cigars and cigarettes were lighted, I flew straight to my deck chair, as the smell of tobacco "knocks me cold" when I'm feeling seasick.

This afternoon Mr. Armour told the Captain to anchor in a likely looking harbor for the night, as Puerto Angel harbor is easily missed in the dark, and we lost so much time last night we couldn't possibly arrive there this afternoon.

Luckily it was reasonably calm in the harbor of Morro Ajutla and Daddy and Mother appeared

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

looking very pale and miserable and feeling very weak and shaky.

Mr. Mott took Mr. Collins, Mr. Hart and me out fishing, and I succeeded in catching a small Spanish mackerel. Mr. Collins had a strike, but his fish got off.

It is cool and pleasant here. We sail for Puerto Angel in the morning early.

Wednesday, March 18, 1931

We sailed early this morning and are now passing a long yellow beach where the waves are breaking. It is calmer than yesterday, the sea is only heaving now.

Later. Puerto Angel Harbor. We arrived here at 12 or thereabouts. As we sat down to celebrate Mr. Armour's birthday, the Mexican port officials came out, and Dad, the Spanish speaker, had to fly into the sitting-room.

The harbor is so small that the yacht has to anchor off shore quite a way.

It is lovely — surrounded by rocky hills covered with giant cacti; the town is built on the beach and consists of a few thatched houses. The "Bots" got off right after lunch. They're going up into the hills to search for some kind of a plant, passing the night ashore, and, with any luck at all, returning here tomorrow.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

At 3, or about then, Mr. Mott, Mr. Armour, Joe, the boatswain and I went out fishing. Joe hooked a fine fish but it got off. Mr. Armour had a strike, and just as we were going to reel in, I landed a small yellow-tail. It was pretty hot. I think Mr. Mott plans to go out again after tea.

Later. I went below for a nap after we came in from fishing, and when I woke up, I found that Mr. Mott and Mr. Armour had taken Mr. Hart and gone out again. They came back at sunset time and we found that Mr. Hart had caught four fish, the only ones. The sailors have been fishing over the side and have had fine luck.

It seemed very sad and lonely at table this evening without the Bots, and I miss them terribly. Mr. Collins and I can always find something to argue about, when *he* usually wins. Eva and Mr. Mott are playing Russian bank. Daddy, Mother and Mr. Armour are busy, and I'm sitting at the desk, writing as if my life depended upon it.

Thursday, March 19, 1931

PUERTO ANGEL, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

This morning early, Mr. Armour and Mr. Mott went fishing. Shortly after Mother and I finished breakfast, they returned with a fine catch. Mr. Armour caught 2 red snappers (one weighed $36\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.,

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

the other about 30 lbs.), one rooster fish, three Spanish mackerel and a strange looking fish which none of them could identify. Daddy said it may have been a rainbow yellow-tail.

Mr. Armour went ashore after luncheon, which seemed very quiet and solemn without the "Bots," and telephoned up the line to find out what time they would arrive here. At sundown Mr. Mott took Mother and me out fishing with him, but it was very rough, and we didn't stay out long.

He hooked a small barracuda but let me play it and kill it for him. The "Bots" returned, bringing a Herr Makrinus with them, who dined with us and is going to pass the night on board. He seems very pleasant, but speaks only Spanish and German, which lets me out of any obligations I might otherwise have.

After dinner, Mr. Kempton sat out on deck with me, and we retired early, as Herr Makrinus gets off at six and we sail very soon after that.

Friday, March 20, 1931

AT SEA

We sailed from Puerto Angel some time after six, but I didn't wake up. After breakfast was finished and lessons done, I sat on deck with Mr. Kempton, Eva and Mr. Collins until lunch time. At lunch, Mr. Collins mentioned drift bottles again, for which

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

I could have choked him, and Daddy immediately began telling me how I wasn't fulfilling my contract and that I must make myself useful whenever possible, or words to that effect. The upshot of the matter was that Mr. Kempton and I spent most of the afternoon writing out papers and sending them overboard, and that we sent over 48 bottles.

At dinner, I managed to get through without being "called down," and sat outside afterwards until 9.30.

Saturday, March 21, 1931

ACAPULCO, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

We came into the harbor here while Mother and I were having breakfast. The town looks to me like many others in this part of the world — dirty, poorly paved, and with pigs running round in the streets.

After the usual port formalities were over, the two "Bots" went ashore, where they hoped to find some sort of cotton.

The American consul, Mr. H. H. Leonard, came out here for lunch, and after buying us some pretty little shell flowers over the side from a raucous voiced woman in a dugout, he invited us to go ashore with him. He took Eva, Mother and me over to the Consulate, and then motored us out to the aviation field, took us over the fort at the harbor entrance and then drove us out to see the bathing beach. En route there, we saw a miserable cotton bush, and on

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

the way back, we stopped and made the driver pick some for us. Eva picked some pods and some "silk cotton." When we returned to town, Eva wanted to buy some hammocks for the crew, so we went into the dirtiest market I've almost ever seen.

Across the street was a general store where they sold wines, and Eva bought some of those, too.

When we returned we found that the two Botanical gentlemen were on board, and they seemed delighted with the cotton. It appears that they didn't find any. We sailed at 5.15 or thereabouts for Manzanillo (Mexico), where we expect to arrive Monday morning early.

After dinner, we sat outside for a time, and then went indoors, and had a pleasant chat with Mother. Mr. Collins went to bed shortly after we came in.

Sunday, March 22, 1931

AT SEA

This morning the sea was absolutely calm — so much so that we could see great numbers of large turtles basking at the surface, some with birds resting on their backs, others swimming lazily around. At lunch, we decided to try to harpoon some. Accordingly, Cassim and Jurgens were stationed in the bow with the harpoon, while the lookout kept an eye open for turtles. We passed two, Cassim missed both of them, and then the wind sprung up and ruffled the

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LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

water so we gave up. Shortly after tea-time, Daddy saw a whale spouting in the distance and we all flocked outside to watch it. He said it was a big fin-back, but as we got nearer, it must have seen us for it went away and we didn't see it again. Mr. Kempton and I sent four more drift bottles over this afternoon, and then played cards with Mother, as we did after dinner. We land at Manzanillo tomorrow morning at 4—and expect to be there three days or more, as the "Bots" are going off collecting at Colima.

Monday, March 23, 1931

MANZANILLO, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

We came in here this morning early, before I was up. While Mother and I were at breakfast, the various port officials came off, and shortly after Jimmie and the good Doctor went ashore to catch the train to Colima, which left "any time between eight and twelve." Mr. Tucker, the representative of the Standard Oil Company of California, came aboard for lunch, and we went ashore with him in the afternoon, leaving Mr. Mott, who preferred to draw. Mr. Tucker took us to the market, where pottery, onions and peppers seemed to be the principal wares for sale, and then to the post office, and to a little shop, kept by a Mexican who spoke English. There

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we bought some postal cards for 10¢ Mex. and the proprietor showed us some pearls — really quite nice ones for what he wanted for them. That done, we strolled through the streets, which are well paved and above the level of the first floors of most of the houses. Coming back, we stopped at the fish-monger's, where we saw Indians loading fine red snappers for shipment to Colima.

When we got out to the yacht, Mr. Mott suggested that we go fishing, so he and Mr. Hart and I went out. We skirted the rocks near the harbor mouth, and I landed a 9-lb. rooster fish after a hard struggle. In our haste we forgot the gaff and had quite a time getting him into the boat. Coming back, I hooked another fish, heavier than the first, which dropped off after a 15-minute fight, but which was big enough to bend the spinner, and stiffen my left arm. I handed the rod to Mr. Hart, and he had a strike, but the fish got off.

We dined quietly, for it seemed that much of our wit and humor was ashore. I miss the "Bots" and am awfully sorry Mr. Collins couldn't have been fishing with us. He's such a good sport, and the fishing was so good!

Tuesday, March 24, 1931

When I got up this morning I found Eva in a state! She and the Skipper and Mr. Mott had been out

fishing, and Eva's first and only fish was a 24-lb. red snapper which she played and brought to gaff all by herself. He was a peach, with a huge gaping mouth, armed with teeth as sharp as a dog's. Mr. Mott caught a Spanish mackerel as did Mr. Hart, and altogether they had very good luck.

A little later, Mr. Tucker came out, and took us ashore. The chief of the Customs House gave us the use of his car for the morning, and we drove out to his ranch through a superb palm forest. We found some wild limes and another strange looking fruit, which we stored in our baskets. On the way back to town, we stopped and got another basketful of wild limes. We picked up the customs official on the dock, and brought him aboard for lunch. He was a funny little man with a large, black moustache who thought himself very natty. He was a little surprised at the jellied soup we had, and his eyes bulged when he tasted the chicken curry.

Fortunately he liked the dessert and he and Daddy became very friendly. He spoke no English at all, but everybody made an effort to be agreeable to him and I think he had a good time. I was dreadfully sleepy after lunch and went below for a nap soon after we got up from the table. When I woke up at 5, Mother told me that Daddy, the Skipper and Mr. Mott had gone out fishing. I was furious but it was too late, so Mother and I set out to teach Eva how

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

to play "hearts." As always, I came out with the highest score; both the others did very well.

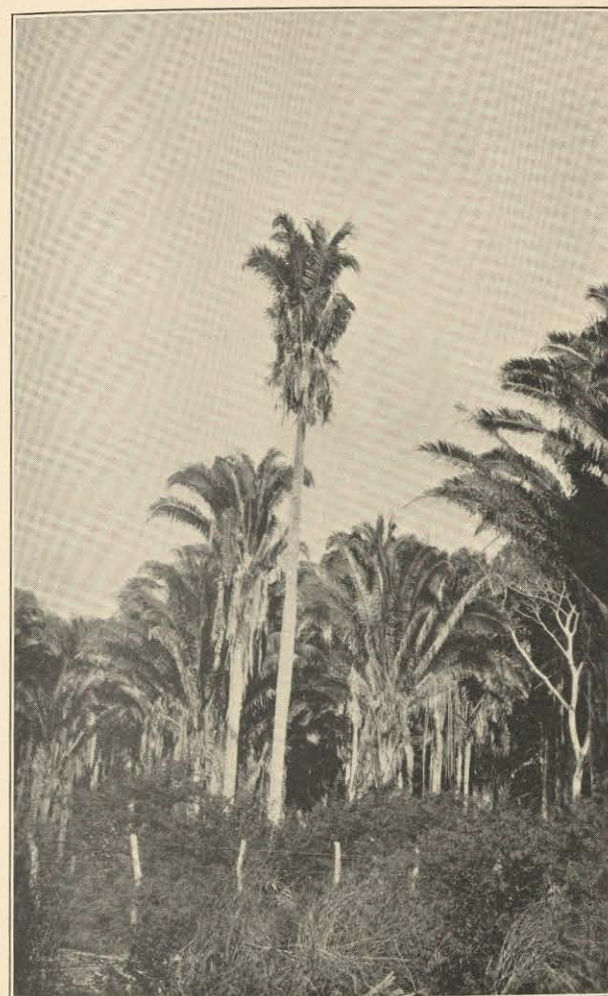
Mr. Tucker came out for dinner, and we had a pleasant chat out on deck. It was lovely and cool, but hot in the dining-room. Downstairs my room is like a furnace — you could cut the air with a knife, and a dull one at that! I got awfully bitten up today ashore and expect to spend a scratchy night. Why is it that every bug always bites one person, and leaves all the rest alone?

Wednesday, March 25, 1931

Daddy, the Skipper and Mr. Mott went ashore early this A.M. to motor round where we went yesterday, through the magnificent coquito nut grove, and incidentally to bring the Botanists back on board. Dad is writing up some notes on the industry based on these palm groves. They produce a nut from which is extracted an oil used in cooking and making soap. The finest trees are found here only and Dad is sure they represent a distinct species.

At about 10, they arrived here and shortly after that we weighed anchor for Mazatlan.

Later. This afternoon we dropped anchor at Tencatita Bay where the usual trio (consisting of Mr. Mott, the good Doctor and myself) went fishing for about an hour or more. The good Doctor caught a



THE GREAT COQUITO NUT PALMS, NEAR MANZANILLO, MEXICO

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

26-lb. red snapper, and a couple of Spanish mackerel. Mr. Mott also caught some Spaniards, as did I. After dinner we weighed anchor again; this time I think we're going straight ahead. It was very cool on deck this evening, in comparison to what we've been accustomed to, and we were glad enough to have heavy coats. There's not much swell running, and so far it's been a fine passage.

Thursday, March 26, 1931

AT SEA

We passed an uneventful day, barring the fact that we saw four whales, a shark and a turtle. Jimmie and I put 12 drift bottles over the side this afternoon after lunch. At about tea-time, the ship was pitching quite considerably and it was cool enough for winter overcoats on deck.

Daddy spent most of the afternoon prone on the parlor sofa, as he did most of the evening. We land at Mazatlan tomorrow early.

Friday, March 27, 1931

MAZATLAN, SINALOA, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

When I was aroused by Daddy this morning, I found we had been anchored some time. The harbor here is very shallow, and the yacht is lying quite a distance from the town. There are three islands on one side, and a rocky point on the other, where they say

the fishing is very good. After we'd been passed by the port authorities, we all went ashore and strolled round the town. Both Jimmie and the good Doctor have been here before, but they didn't remember where the market was, so we returned here. After lunch the Skipper and we three went ashore and took a motor and drove first to the market and then out to the lookout station on one of the islands connected to the city by a causeway, where we had a swell view of the yacht through a telescope.

We returned here, passed a pleasant evening together and went to bed early.

Saturday, March 28, 1931

Last night, Mr. Mott told the good Doctor and me that we were welcome to fish with him if we were up at 6. Accordingly, Mr. Collins very kindly awoke me this morning before sunrise. I understand he had a hard time. Eva was up to watch the sun rise, so she came out with us. We chugged round the edge of the rocks at the harbor mouth and then as the fishing was not 100% we made for a small rock in the middle of the entrance and made a fine haul. Eva caught 4 yellow-tails, Mr. Mott at least 4 or 5, the good Doctor 3 yellow-tails and 3 or 4 mackerel, and I 3 mackerel, 1 red snapper (very small) and 3 yellow-tails. Unfortunately one of the yellow-tails I hooked fought so hard that he broke the rod. Mr.

Collins took turns with me after that, which was very kind of him. When we returned, the rest were a little surprised at the size of our catch, but it certainly was fun catching yellow-tails even if they aren't worth eating. After breakfast, Daddy went ashore, found our motor and took Ernest and the Skipper to market. They brought the consul, Mr. Eaton, out for lunch. He seemed to me to be a pleasant person. After lunch we three took the consul ashore and after mailing letters, leaving the consul at his house and doing a few other chores, we went out to drive. It was great fun and we ended up at a lovely garden where we bought some of the finest roses I've ever seen and some snapdragons.

While we were selecting the flowers and bargaining with the Indian woman who sold them to us, a man came along and stole Mother's glasses case. When we got into the machine, loaded down with roses, snapdragons and eggplants, which Mother got because they were only 5¢ Am. apiece, she discovered the glasses case wasn't there, and what happened after that needn't be mentioned here! The driver said "the thief would never have taken it if he had known it was empty." We went to a jeweler's in town to look at some opals, but they looked very much like moonstones to me and so we got some charms instead. At 6, we came out here, and the Botanists went ashore to meet Dr. Kearney, who's coming on the yacht to

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

cruise in the Gulf of California with us. They dined ashore and brought Dr. Kearney out about 9. He's a peach, and I'm awfully glad he's aboard. We'll have loads of fun with him as he's got a ready wit and rolls his R's the way Jimmie and the good Doctor do!

We listened to Eva's radio and the party broke up about 11.20. I think the Skipper plans to sail at 6 tomorrow morning for La Paz, Lower California. Here's hoping for decent weather. I'm a much better sailor than I ever thought I would be, but that isn't saying much!

Sunday, March 29, 1931

AT SEA

We sailed from Mazatlan some time this morning before I came on deck. The sea has been very calm, and there is a fine breeze blowing, so altogether we passed a very pleasant day. Jimmie and I put over 30 bottles, 6 almost every hour, which meant frequent trips to the bridge for our position and down to the laboratory. We saw 2 blackfish this morning and a beautiful sunset this afternoon; except for that the day was uneventful. I found out from Mr. Hart that we would probably land at La Paz tomorrow at noon. They say that the fishing there is the finest anywhere on this coast, and I'm looking forward to trying my luck. The Skipper made a fine drying rack for the lines and Mr. Mott has dried

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

them all in the sun, in hopes that they won't snap if we get a big fish on. I hope I don't break another of his nice rods, this time! and only wish he had been using it instead of me! However, I suppose that's all in a day's run of luck, good or bad as the case may be.

After dinner, in the parlor, Dr. Kearney's pronunciation was tested as was the good Doctor's and Jimmie's. They all agreed that the Boston pronunciation was the world's worst, but I know better. The funniest thing of all was when the three of them tried not to roll their R's and when they said words like "salt." On the other hand they all shook with laughter when I tried to say "rocks that guard the harbor" (roll R's here), or when I said "ate." Mr. Collins is the ringleader, but I'll get him yet! Some time the worm will turn!

Monday, March 30, 1931

LA PAZ, LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

It was quite rough at sea this morning before we came in here at 12, or thereabouts. Mother and I sat upstairs playing Russian bank most of the morning and then went outside to watch the approach. The channel between Espiritu Santo Island and the coast is very narrow, flanked on either side by reefs where the waves break, and the pilot came aboard quite a while before we anchored. He was a fat,

walrus-looking man, very clumsy, and stupid, and had an awful time coming aboard, very nearly falling into the sea when he tried to reach the steps. At last the anchor was down, and the port officials came out and passed us.

After luncheon, Daddy, the Skipper and the three Bots went ashore. Daddy and the Skipper left them to their own resources, went to see Mr. Cornejo, our agent here, and then came out here to take us ashore.

We left the Skipper and Mr. Mott aboard, and went to Mr. Cornejo's office to see some pearls he had for sale. Some were beautiful, and perfectly shaped, others were unwashed and bumpy. When we stepped out of the office, Mr. C.'s brother offered to take us out to drive in his machine, and we accepted. In passing a small fisherman's cottage on the edge of the town, Mother's eagle eyes spotted some cotton, and Daddy cut some branches for the Bots. We drove along the new road out to the bathing beach, which went across a flat, dried up marsh and then uphill, until we could turn back and see the town. Unfortunately we had a blow-out, and while Daddy and Mr. C. were changing the tire, we three, who were walking round through the shrubs along the roadside, heard a pistol shot. Scared to death, we turned to find some men shooting at dummies for practice. A little later, Mother frightened us again by calling for Daddy to come quickly. Luckily it wasn't a

rattlesnake as we thought but a small lizard, which ran into a bush.

When we got back on board, the Bots hadn't returned and we put the cotton down in the laboratory. Shortly after we returned, some Mexican officials came off for tea and Mother and I went downstairs just in time. Neither of us speaks much Spanish.

When the Botanists did return, as the first gong for dinner was sounding, they brought back the cotton they'd been searching for, *Gossypium Davidsonii*, and a fine diamond-back rattlesnake. Luckily they didn't have any of the kind of cotton we found.

The Bots finally got their specimens put away and joined us, and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly as the tide of conversation turned to museums and other topics. Mr. Mott and the good Doctor are going fishing tomorrow morning early, but I don't think I'll go if I'm going out collecting all day.

Tuesday, March 31, 1931

The Botanists, the Skipper and the "head of the House of Barbour" went ashore to call on the Governor this morning, before we had finished breakfast. Mr. Mott and the good Doctor went fishing but without much success.

The good Doctor took one Spanish mackerel on my favorite bait, the copper spinner, but that was all. At 11, Daddy and the Skipper came out for us,

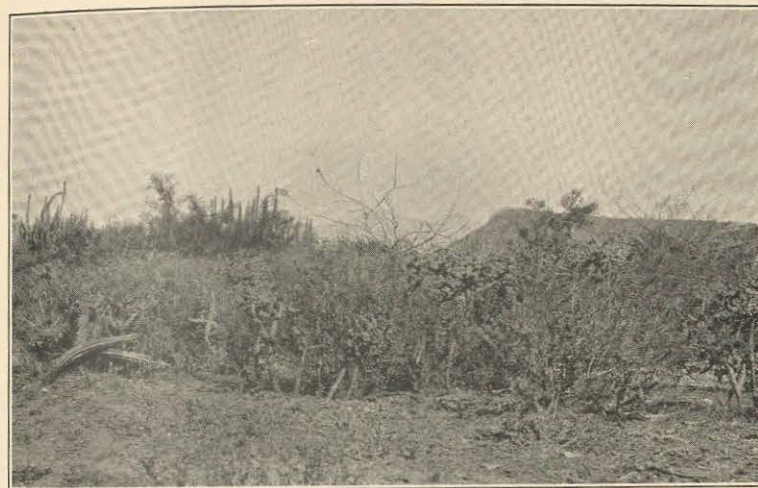
LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

and we went ashore to Mr. Cornejo's office, where he showed us some pearls. Apparently this is one of the great pearl fisheries of the world. Only a week ago the Paris buyers and jewelers left, the season being over. The pearls come every color from white to green and black.

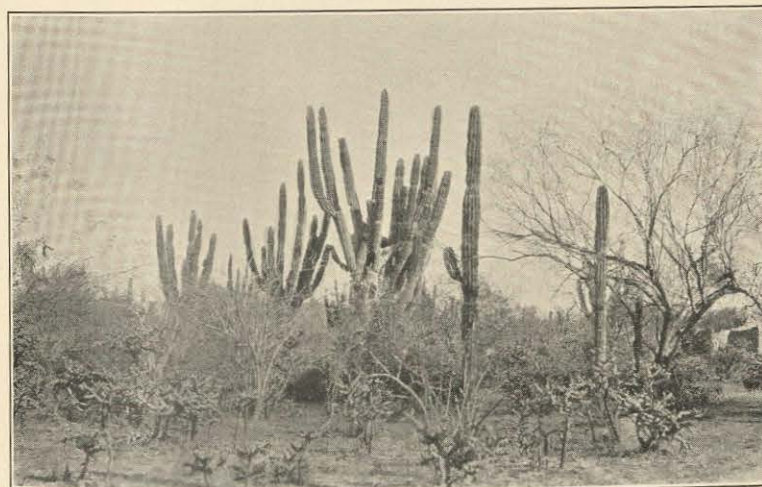
We came out here for lunch, and at 2 went ashore again, this time leaving Eva and the Skipper on board. After stopping at Mr. Cornejo's again, we went to the "Museum," where Daddy found some rare lizards which I believe he succeeded in getting for the M. C. Z. This done, we drove out to the little house where we found the cotton bush yesterday and photographed it besides gathering some more cotton. Then we drove out to Santa Anita and Chametla where we found some more cottons. We passed through sandy country where cacti of all sizes and shapes were growing but oddly enough, the minute we went over into the dusty soil and away from the sand, there wasn't a single cactus growing anywhere. We saw quail, road-runners besides some hawks and of course buzzards, ravens and caracaras.

Mr. Cornejo, his younger brother, and five or six other gentlemen came out to the yacht for tea, and after they left we had dinner. After dinner, Jimmie and I went downstairs to the laboratory where we put up specimens of the cottons we collected and numbered seeds. Mother and Dr. Kearney both beat

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WHERE WE SAW OUR FIRST QUAILS AND ROAD-RUNNERS, NEAR LA PAZ



GIANT CACTI, AGUA VERDE, L. C., MEXICO

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

me at cards, and while Mother and I were playing Daddy called me down to the laboratory to give him the name of a certain funny-smelling plant we collected this afternoon. I couldn't for the life of me think of the name, and I can't now, but I hope it will come to me later on. We sail tomorrow morning at 6 for Espiritu Santo Island not far from here, and we'll probably be there before I wake up.

Wednesday, April 1, 1931

AT ANCHOR

This morning at 9 found us anchored at Ballena Bay on Espiritu Santo Island.

The island was very barren and rocky, and covered with cacti of all sizes. Jimmie, Daddy and Dr. Kearney went ashore to collect. The Skipper and the Captain took the little rowboat and went over to one of the islands where the Captain shot a hawk. Mr. Mott took the usual trio out fishing, and both he and the good Doctor caught some fine big rock hind. I landed one or two small ones, but nothing very exciting. After lunch, Daddy and the Skipper scrambled around on one of the little islands where they caught a lot of lizards, and at 3 we weighed anchor for Isla Partida where we landed at 4.30 or thereabouts. This island, like all the others, was rocky and dry, but the 3 Bots and Daddy went ashore and collected while the Skipper took us ashore. Eva,

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Mother and I grubbed round in the sand and found some lovely shells. The sand was not like ordinary beach sand, but was almost entirely made up of broken pieces of shell. There were rocks all round and the water was very clear. Mr. Mott went fishing and then joined us on the beach. Just after sundown, as we were leaving the island, we were almost shot when the Captain fired at an oyster catcher, and missed it. The shots plopped into the water round the boat but none of us were hit. As a matter of fact they really did not come very near.

We returned to the yacht when the colors in the sky were exactly like what you see in a mother-of-pearl shell. Shortly after it got dark and the full moon came out from behind a hill casting a silver streak of light on the water. Tomorrow morning we sail for San Francisco Island where we plan to pass the morning. After dinner, we went downstairs and put all the plants into the press under the jack, and were horrified to find that the 2 crabs Daddy had caught were running loose on the floor! Incidentally the excessively rare rattlesnake he collected today was nowhere to be found. The good Doctor bravely said he'd catch the crabs, one of them having entirely escaped, the other being behind the boxes of growing "Tripsicum" plants, and as he bent down to seize it with a forceps, Jimmie hissed like a snake. The poor Doctor was scared to death while Jimmie winked

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ONE OF THE OLD DATE PALM PLANTINGS AT CHAMETLA, L. C., MEXICO



THE "UTOWANA" AT ISLA PARTIDA, L. C., MEXICO, WITH THE SKIPPER
IN THE FOREGROUND

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

slyly at Dr. Kearney and kept on writing at the desk. The good Doctor tried again with the same result, but this time Jimmie couldn't contain himself, and the Doctor grinned and acknowledged that he had been "April fooled."

If I'd been in his shoes, I would have "tanned" Jimmie, but the good Doctor's a sport and let it go.

The Skipper appeared while this was going on, and we implored him to wake up Daddy, and find out about the snake. When he returned he told us that the snake had been pickled, which relieved the tension in the laboratory no end! At last our work was done and we came upstairs, and passed the rest of the evening chatting, as always, in the upper saloon.

Thursday, April 2, 1931

DOLORES BAY

We went ashore this morning at San Francisco Island, where Mother and I collected some shells and Daddy and some of the crew later joined by the Skipper got some fine lizards. The beach there was entirely different from the other and was very coarse and stony. The Bots and Daddy collected round and Mr. Mott went fishing alone. He caught 9 fish in less than an hour — one very pretty yellow kind, and the rest the regulation brown spotted rock fish. Just before lunch, we sailed for Dolores Bay on the main-

land and arrived there about tea-time. Again we all went ashore and walked round the only finca we could see for an hour or more and then returned here. We pass the night in this bay, which is surrounded with high rocky hills.

Dolores Bay looks to me as if it had once been a volcanic crater. The entrance is very small and the hills all rise abruptly from the sea. There is a flat piece of ground on one side also a narrow beach and hills beyond. They are very dry and parched from the sun and don't show much promise for the collector!

Friday, April 3, 1931

SALINAS BAY. CARMEN ISLAND

We spent the morning ashore at Agua Verde where Mother found the wild passion-flower called *Passiflora Palmeri* which everyone has been searching for in vain. It grew high up on a rocky cliff and we had a great scramble through the cacti and thorny bushes before we got it. We collected a lot of other interesting plants and Daddy got 2 kinds of lizards. The country was very dry and rocky, an ideal place for rattlesnakes, but luckily we didn't see any. Mr. Mott went fishing and caught 8 fish — some of them fairly good-sized. Dad bought a fine sea turtle from an Indian for some ship biscuit and sugar. We will eat it tomorrow.

The scenery along the coast and on the islands looks very much as I expect the Grand Canyon of the Colorado looks, bleak, rocky, and tinged with every color from light yellow to deep purple. The sea along the beaches varies in color from soft emerald green to deep azure blue. There is a most peculiar vegetation on shore — cacti of many species and low scrubby spiny bushes are the only plants you see unless you hunt hard for others.

Shortly after lunch, we sailed for Salinas Bay, Carmen Island where we arrived at about 5 o'clock. Salinas Bay is so named because of the salt lake about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile inland. The salt works there have been worked since 1840. They now belong to an English company, and are in charge of a Frenchman called M. Milhe, who has been here for 26 years. We went ashore and walked to the salt lake. Around the edge, the salt looked just like ice. Huge drifts of salt 8 or 10 feet high were piled on one side together with bags already packed in cars of the little railway that runs from the salt lake to the wharf. I can best describe the salt pond as a skating pond with salt ice, some open water in it, and salt like snow round the edge. M. Milhe told us that once the salt was harvested, it took 25 days for a new crop to form. I tried to pick up a piece of rock salt, but couldn't move it, as it was very solid. They ship the salt in 175-lb. bags to Mexico City where it is used in the

silver and gold mines. It never rains so the salt can be stored indefinitely in great heaps in the open air.

M. Milhe came out here for dinner and we had a pleasant evening together. We sail for Agua Grande tomorrow morning early.

Saturday, April 4, 1931

This morning we stopped at a place which we thought was Agua Grande and went ashore. The Bots went up one valley and we 3 followed a stream bed up another. It was very dry — clouds of dust rose with every step, and the sun was dreadfully hot. We sat down on a stone to cool off under the shade of a rocky cliff, when I suddenly saw a little grey snake crawling towards us. I called Daddy but the snake went into a hole. Luckily it came out again and Daddy caught it and it was a very good one. Coming back, Mother and Daddy caught lizards by stunning them with stones. The beach was not sandy, but pebbly; in spite of that, however, we found some lovely shells. Dad is nearly wild that he has not got his lizard gun. He gave it to Stadelman at Tela, not expecting then to go to Lower California.

Finally the Bots came and joined us, and then we came aboard. Just before lunch, we weighed anchor for Puerto Escondido on the mainland. The harbor is so named because you cannot see the entrance

when you first approach. The yacht draws so much water that we couldn't cross the bar at the entrance of the inner harbor, but anchored in the outer bay and went ashore in the launches.

Coming ashore, Mr. Mott dropped his fishing line over the side with the copper spinner as a bait, and had hardly done so before he hooked a big rooster fish. After that we all took turns fishing, except Jimmie. The good Doctor caught a fine rooster and 2 yellow-tails. It was wonderful fun to watch the fish come in, because, generally, 2 or 3 other fish followed trying to get the bait away. A big shark followed one of Daddy's small roosters, but luckily didn't bite it. If we'd hooked a shark, it might have been necessary to cut the line.

I broke another of Mr. Mott's rods when I landed a big rooster, however, that's bound to happen, I suppose if you're clumsy as I am. We finally went ashore but the water was very shoal. I went in Daddy's arms and Eva in the good Doctor's. Mother refused Jimmie's invitation to carry her, and waded ashore shoes and all. The Bots met a lone Mexican who told them he could show them some wild cotton. They followed him for four miles back into the hills, until, on inquiring where the cotton was, he told them it grew on the seacoast about three or four miles from where we were anchored. We, meantime, followed a stream bed and then turned back and walked round

on the beach, picked up shells, and returned on board. This is a great place to hunt for deer, and mountain sheep abound.

The fishing was the best I've ever seen. Mr. Mott gave Ernest a try, as he did John, Joe the bo'sun and various others. Everyone who tried caught a good-sized fish, and was delighted.

The scenery was by far the most beautiful we've seen at all. Jagged, lofty peaks surrounded the bay, and the sunset colors were unusually lovely. The sky behind the mountains was the color of a mother-of-pearl shell, and the colors were reflected on the glassy surface of the bay. Two Indians in a tiny dug-out about the size of a cockle-shell, came out and paddled round the yacht and we gave them some fish and hooks at which they were much pleased.

We sailed shortly after sunset and as we left the bay, we saw the mist rising and gradually enveloping the mountains. Twilight deepened into darkness, and the moon rose, making a broad silver patch on the water. It was cool on deck, and we sat indoors all evening after our work in the laboratory was finished. We unlatched the saloon table so it could swing when we went to bed but that was unnecessary tonight as the sea is absolutely calm.

Tomorrow morning will find us in Santa Rosalia. I hate to think of leaving the Bots at Guaymas, but even the best of friends must part, and they have

certainly been awfully nice to me and to everyone else on board.

Sunday, April 5, 1931

SANTA ROSALIA. LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO

We came in here this morning early — and are tied up to one of the wharfs. Being Easter Sunday, everybody on board tried to dress up in something new. The Bots met the Inspector of Police and he took them by motor to San Ygnacio, 60 miles inland from here to see the date palm groves. Mother and I felt too lazy to go ashore, and the town seems mighty uninteresting.

We sat round on board all day. At 6.30, the Bots returned full of news about how beautiful San Ygnacio was. They said the road over and back was very poor, but that once you got there it was lovely. After dinner, while some of the party were sitting out on deck, Eva got going on numerology. She numerologized all of us, telling us that Daddy had a fine number, that Mr. Collins must sign his name a different way, that Jimmie always had to work for what he got, and that I would probably never amount to very much. One by one we drifted downstairs to bed, leaving Jimmie and the Skipper to turn out the lights.

Monday, April 6, 1931

This morning after having been awakened by the most lovely bugling from the Mexican army post, we went ashore with Daddy, in hopes of going over the copper foundry. The mines are just behind the city and are very old, and the fumes from the smelting furnace are blown across the bay to us, so that everyone on board has a sort of cough. We didn't see the mine, but drove all round the town in a cloud of dust most of the time. This is an old French concession.

Mother saw a lone wild cotton plant in a field on the way back, and we collected it for the Bots.

Later. At 11, we weighed anchor for San Marcos Island where we landed just before lunch time. The island is one gigantic solid mass of white gypsum which is blasted out and shipped away for making plaster of Paris. A Mr. Franks and his colleague in the gypsum mining company, Mr. Page, came out and sat with us while we ate. There are only two or three Americans in charge and they lead a lonely life marooned in one of the hottest spots on the globe.

Immediately after lunch, we all went ashore, Daddy with a camera and hoping for lizards, Jimmie staggering under the weight of the heavy plant press, and Dr. Kearney and Dr. Collins carrying knapsacks. Once ashore, we scattered. I was glad to hunt wild

cotton seeds with Jimmie, and we collected quite a few for Dr. Kearney.

Daddy got 5 lizards, and after making a short call on Mr. and Mrs. Page at their house, we all came aboard for tea.

Finally, almost an hour after we'd decided to sail, the last guest went over the side, and we set out for Guaymas where we expect to arrive tomorrow morning.

At dinner, Daddy fainted. The first that we knew of it was when he slumped off his chair onto the floor with a hollow groan. Eva immediately went to his assistance as did Jimmie and the Skipper. They managed to get him into the saloon forward and Eva revived him with some sort of capsule she broke under his nose.

Mother was scared stiff as was I, but I stayed at the table, knowing that I'd be more of a nuisance than anything else if I went into the saloon. Finally they got him to bed, and he went to sleep. Ernest said that he had been too much in the sun, and had gone out collecting too soon after lunch. I can't bear to think that the Bots are leaving us on Wednesday. We certainly shall miss them terribly. They've all been awfully nice to me, allowing me to "be useful" in the laboratory, changing driers and putting wet ones out in the sun, or bringing dry ones in. Dr. Kearney was lavish in his thanks to me for collecting

cotton seeds, as were Dr. Collins and Jimmie. I certainly appreciate it! I should have mentioned the unusual amount of phosphorescence tonight. Instead of being sickly and only a tiny light here and there when the waves break, it is as if the ship were sailing in a sea of fire, sort of bluish and dazzling.

Tuesday, April 7, 1931

GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

We anchored here at 7.30 this morning, and when we came up to breakfast, the port officials were already on board. They certainly were prompt. Mother received 2 letters, one from Bill, the other from Mrs. Boardman, and was delighted, as we hadn't expected any. We spent most of the day until 5.30, lounging round playing cards, reading and doing tapestry. At 5.30 the American consul, Mr. Manney, and his wife came out for tea as did Mr. Davidson, our agent here, and Mr. and Mrs. Yepes. Mrs. Y. was a Mexican who spoke no English, but Mrs. Manney was awfully nice and bubbling over with enthusiasm. They left at 7.20, and we dined sumptuously as always.

After dinner we had a pleasant chat in the living room, and one by one, everybody went to bed, leaving Mother, Jimmie and me to put the doors on the hooks and empty the ash-trays. We discharged our duties faithfully and went below.

Wednesday, April 8, 1931

This morning, after breakfast, Daddy, the good Doctor, Mother and I went ashore, and walked to Mr. Davidson's office, stopping en route at a tobacco shop where Daddy got some cigars and cigarettes to replenish the ship's diminishing supply. Dr. Collins stayed in Mr. Davidson's office arranging the customs inspection of their baggage and the plants, and we took a stroll round and hired a motor. First we went to the market where Mother bought some pottery bowls in which to plant the little cacti we have collected from time to time. After that we drove out to San José de Guaymas, and passed some lovely fincas on the way.

When we came in town again, Mother decided she wanted one larger pottery bowl, so we returned to the market, where she got a fine one for 25 cents Mex!

Eva and the Skipper were walking towards the American Consulate and as we were going there ourselves, we picked Eva up. The Skipper and Daddy followed on foot. After telling Mr. and Mrs. Manney and Mrs. Yepes "good-bye" we drove to the pier, where the "starboard launch" was waiting with Jimmie and the good Doctor. When we came out here, Jimmie planted the cacti for us, getting his own fingers full of cactus spines.

I must stop now, as Mr. Davidson is coming out

for lunch, and we're all going upstairs on deck to have our pictures taken!

Later. Mr. Davidson came out for lunch. I for one didn't particularly like the thought, and would infinitely have preferred lunching with the Bots by ourselves. At lunch, I was allowed a drop of wine to drink to the "Bots' very good health, and safe return." I struggled manfully with an awful lump in my throat as we did so, and had a hard time to keep back the tears that persisted in coming into my eyes all during lunch.

At 2.40, they went over the side, each with a carnation in his buttonhole as a parting gift, and everyone left on board was "sniffing slightly" as they waved their hats. Eva and the Skipper went ashore with them and, as the launch headed towards the landing, the Captain blew 3 whistles, and the bo'sun whistled when they went over the side! We sailed for Mazatlan as soon as the Skipper and Eva returned, and stood in the bow waving Eva's red pajamas, she the coat and I the trousers, and scanning the landing for the Bots. They weren't there, as far as we could see, but we waved just the same. The Mexican gunboat dipped her flag to us as we started out of the harbor, and we dipped back, of course. After that, Mother challenged me to a game of Russian bank, but I couldn't seem to register on the

game at all, playing mechanically, and making silly moves. She easily beat me! The yacht seems so quiet now — the laboratory shelves are bare, the Bots' rooms the same — bare and gloomiferous! At the table, no one cracked jokes and everybody but dear Mr. Mott, who always manages to bluff wonderfully, was quiet and sad. After dinner, I sat by Mother, holding her ball of thread as she knit and listening to stories. Mother beat me again at cards, and then played solitaire while I tried to watch and pay attention.

We made the Skipper tell us some more stories about the Kaiser this evening. I only wish someone could persuade him to write them down, as they are so interesting and amusing. This cheered us up and we retired late — too full of pictures of royalty and glittering court functions to have anything but pleasant dreams.

Thursday, April 9, 1931

AT SEA

Today was uneventful, save for an occasional fish jumping near us. The sunset was beautiful, but, as the sky was absolutely cloudless, the colors were faint. An exciting diversion occurred while we were at table this evening, when Eva heard a strange noise, looked out of the door behind her and exclaimed "Fire!" Sure enough, showers of red sparks

were pouring out of the smokestack. Orders were immediately given to stop one of the engines, and the sparks all blew overboard. The canvas awnings have been soaked with water, and men with buckets are standing by to pour on more at the first sign of another shower of sparks. We were an hour ahead of our schedule and were making about 8.5 knots until we had to slow down. Mother and I put over 6 drift bottles and wrote out the papers for 27 others, so we did our day's work, too.

Now, as I write, it has begun to be hot indoors. The wind and current are behind us, and unless you sit outside where it's damp, you can't stay cool for long. The boat is rolling a little, but not enough to make even Daddy feel woozy!

Friday, April 10, 1931

We are 2 hours ahead of our schedule this morning, in spite of last night's delay. Mr. Hart said, when I went up to the bridge to get our position, that we ought to be in Mazatlan by 12.

Later. We came into the harbor here at 12.10, and anchored a little further off shore than we were before. A Panama Mail steamer, the "Venezuela" was in port when we came in, but is due to leave at 3. Soon after we anchored, the port authorities came out, and the doctor lined us up, counted noses and checked us off, one by one.

After a delicious lunch of chile-con-carne, we sat round until the American consul, Mr. Eaton came out, bringing 2 Americans, Dr. and Mrs. Lane with him. We all went ashore together in the starboard launch, and stopped a minute at Mr. Coppel's office en route to the hotel where we found Manuel the chauffeur we had when we were here 10 days ago. Dr. and Mrs. Lane invited us to tea at the hotel and after showing Eva the market, stopping at the optician's for Daddy's new glasses, and driving out to the garden where we bought some lovely snapdragons, we returned to the hotel.

Mrs. Lane sent her regrets that she couldn't come down as she was ill, but we had a pleasant time chatting with Dr. Lane. Eva, Mother and I were hoping the Lanes would come out to dinner, but Mrs. Lane is still poorly, and they can't come.

After dinner, Mother played cards, and I watched her for a time, until the Captain brought us a Los Angeles *Times*, which we all read. By the time we had finished reading, it was late, and we bade the Skipper good-night and went below.

Sparks reports that there are strong *north* winds blowing through the Gulf of Tehuantepec! All I can say is that I'm thankful we're headed south and the wind will push us forward, rather than hinder us as it did coming up! I also fervently hope that it isn't very rough.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Saturday, April 11, 1931

MAZATLAN, MEXICO. AT ANCHOR

Daddy woke us up early this morning, and he and Mother and I went ashore at 8.30. First we went to the market, and then took our car and motored way out into the country. We stopped at different fincas and bought some corn, eggplants, cabbages, tomatoes and limes to take on board. While we were waiting for the limes to be picked, a man came down the lane driving a herd of cows. Suddenly we heard his whip-lash crack and saw him pick up something on a rock near us. On asking him what it was he replied "Lizards for my cat!" He was flabbergasted when Daddy gave him 10¢ for them, and he told his friend who was standing near that the Señor Americano must be crazy.

In passing one of a long string of ponds filled with coot and other water fowl we noticed some purple ibises and tree-ducks. Daddy says that is quite an unusual sight in this part of Mexico.

Mr. Eaton came out for luncheon, and we sailed shortly after he left at 3, for Puerto Armeulles, Panama. I think we'll be at sea 6 or 7 days — maybe longer. Mother and I put over 7 drift bottles this afternoon at 6. She has taught me the trick of soaking the corks in water before using them, and they require much less strength to drive them in than

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

when Jimmie and I drove them in dry. It certainly saves an enormous amount of effort and jamming, and we were fools not to have thought of it before!

Mr. Mott went fishing with Eva and the Skipper this morning early, but he didn't take me because he didn't dare come into my room and wake me up! (He isn't as brave about it as the good Doctor!) Eva caught a fine mackerel but that was all — she lost two fish among the rocks. Mr. Mott and the Skipper didn't even have a strike.

This will be our longest time at sea without stopping anywhere. I understand from Mr. Hart that we're going quite far off shore, and only hope that the storm in the Gulf of Tehuantepec has blown itself out by the time we get there. Time alone will tell!

Sunday, April 12, 1931

AT SEA

Mother and I took breakfast in her room this morning and arrived upstairs at 10 or thereabouts! We passed an uneventful day, save for the fact that we saw several whales, seemingly in pairs, all headed north, and two or three schools of porpoises. The sunset was beautiful — and the afterglow lasted until after we had finished dinner. I went up in the bow to see the phosphorescence, but it was nothing very remarkable. I've never seen it so bright as it was between San Marcos Island and Guaymas.

It's beginning to be very hot now, and as there is very little wind, and what there is is a following one, our rooms are like furnaces. Even on deck it isn't especially cool, but "up top side," in the shade it isn't bad. After sundown it's much cooler.

Monday, April 13, 1931

When Mother and I came upstairs, I went up on the bridge to get our position. Mr. Hart said we'd be off Acapulco tomorrow noon, and before long we'd get into the Gulf of Tehuantepec!

We spent part of the morning in the machine-shop with the Skipper. The rest of the day was hot and uneventful. Daddy and Cassim both tried to harpoon some turtles, but missed every time.

A school of porpoises played round the bow and we stood out in the broiling sun to watch them. Finally they left us. The sunset was beautiful and the afterglow lasted until dinner time. I went up in the bow to see the phosphorescence, but it was scarcely noticeable in comparison to what we had in the Gulf.

This evening, we listened to Eva's radio and heard WOAI, San Antonio, Texas, ARKA, Houston, KMOX, St. Louis, Missouri, and WTAM, Cleveland, Ohio — quite a distance away for a small set. There was a little buzzing, but on the whole it was very clear.

Tuesday, April 14, 1931

Last night was dreadfully hot especially downstairs. I have my windscoop out, but that doesn't seem to have any effect on the temperature of my room.

This morning, when we finally came upstairs, Mother and I played cards after I'd finished lessons. I work in the Laboratory now, as the Bots aren't there, and I am out of everyone's way. Mother and the Skipper sent over some drift bottles — I don't know how many as I wasn't paying much attention to them. I spent most of the afternoon until tea-time finishing up a few things I hadn't managed to finish this morning and then came upstairs. I went out in the bow to watch some porpoises, but was forced to come back on deck as it was very hot in the sun. We passed Acapulco this noon some time and are now almost into the Gulf of Tehuantepec, out of sight of land. The sea is glassy calm, the only motion being a low, rocking swell. I saw a turtle as we were coming forward after lunch, and have no doubt that others were seen. This evening after Daddy, Eva and Mr. Mott had gone below, the Skipper told us of his experiences at the different European courts — the English, German, Dutch and Swedish. I wish he'd write them down, for they certainly are most interesting. When the Skipper went to bed, Mother and I joined Eva, who was listening to the radio. We

heard New York via WTAM, Cleveland, just as clearly as if the orchestra had been playing in the next room, also WCXA, Philadelphia—quite a record for Eva's little set. Then a Spanish station came on, and we not understanding what the announcer said, turned to K. L. O., — Ogden, Utah — which came in fairly clearly — but with occasional snapping, crackling and buzzing. Eva has invited us to listen in with her tomorrow night and I'm looking forward to it with great pleasure.

Wednesday, April 15, 1931

This morning as I was dressing after a belated breakfast in Mother's room, I heard the cry of "whale on the port bow!" and the sound of running footsteps upstairs. Daddy stuck his head in my door and told me to hurry up on deck and see it. When I got up there, having snatched a coat for want of anything else, in spite of the heat, the whale had sounded and disappeared. The sea is still glassy calm — and we saw some sharks swimming round an enormous dead fish which was floating on the surface. They were apparently fighting for it, as we could see one sharp fin racing through the water, followed closely by another. The day has been hot and not especially exciting, barring the incidents mentioned above. We passed occasional turtles — some in pairs, others single, and all resting sleepily at the surface.

The run from 12 noon yesterday to 12 noon today was 204 miles, average speed 8.5 knots. We are making excellent time considering the growth of seaweed below our water line. Yesterday's run was 208 miles, averaging 8.6 knots. We have about 935 miles to go before we get to Puerto Armeulles, Panama; it's overnight from there to the Canal, I think. I guess we'll slow down a little and arrive in Puerto Armeulles on Monday next. This evening finds us crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec. In spite of Sparks' predictions, the sea is very calm; we pitched a little during dinner, but that has all passed now. Whether this keeps up or not remains to be seen — there seems to be no reason why it shouldn't.

Thursday, April 16, 1931

Owing to the excessive heat today, none of us were especially active. The laboratory although way aft of the engines was sizzling, in fact, unless you were in a bathtub filled with sea water, it was hot everywhere on the ship. This afternoon after tea, a slight breeze sprang up, and we all crowded outside trying to get the benefit of it.

The temperature at noon was 92° (F.) in the shade — and when I came below at 10.15, it was 83° on deck!

We sat outside after dinner, and I got dreadfully sleepy. Mr. Mott feels the heat terribly, and no one

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

cracked jokes at table all day long. We saw 2 killer whales this afternoon — aside from that nothing else of any interest. However, hot and sticky as it is, I'd sooner swelter than freeze as we did in Guatemala! and I'm sure this damp heat can't last much longer — the wind's bound to shift, and once it does everything will be cooled off. The run from noon yesterday to noon today was 200 miles. We plan to arrive in Puerto Armeulles on Monday morning early. The Gulf has been absolutely calm — very different from what it was four weeks ago when we went thru' it!

Friday, April 17, 1931

This morning it was still very hot, but about 12 the wind suddenly shifted and blew from the S. E. and it was lovely and cool on deck. Shortly after lunch we began to run into rough sea, and at dinner, Daddy discovered that he couldn't "make the grade" into the dining room, but took dinner on the parlor sofa, as is his custom when the ship pitches. He went below shortly afterwards and took possession of Jimmie's room as it is nearer amidships than his own, which is quite far forward, and consequently there is less motion. It'll be hot so near the engine room — but he doesn't mind the heat, and is very comfortable there.

I forgot to mention that a sandpiper, apparently lost and almost exhausted with flying, lit on the ship

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this noon. Daddy was for killing it and ending its misery, but Eva's tender heart was moved to pity and she took charge of it. She put it in a cage, gave it some water, and sewed gauze round the cage so that it couldn't catch its head between the wires and strangle itself. Whether it lives or not remains to be seen. She plans to release it when we get nearer shore — we're still out of sight of land.

Saturday, April 18, 1931

The sea has been pretty rough all day, and most of last night. The wind is practically dead ahead, and in consequence of that and the constant pitching, we only made 167 miles. Daddy is in the good Doctor's room, way aft next the laboratory, and has been in bed all day, feeling miserably. The bird was prevailed upon to eat a few pieces of sardine — and died shortly afterwards, so Dad was right after all.

Mother and I spent the morning on deck reading, and I wasn't sea-sick at all. Mother remained outside during lunch, but felt well enough to come into the dining room at dinner time. This evening the sea has calmed down considerably, and it is nice and cool on deck. Below, it is still hot, especially in my room which is near the engine room. We're coming into sight of land tomorrow morning at 8, but I probably shan't be up to see. We've been so delayed that I doubt if we stop at Puerto Armeulles.

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Sunday, April 19, 1931

Luckily, the sea has been very calm today, and Daddy, feeling shaky and weak, managed to stay upstairs all day.

The run was not much better than yesterday, 168 miles — average speed 7.0. We came in sight of Cabo Blanco, Costa Rica, about noon, and owing to a strong adverse current were delayed there for some time. The current seems to have changed now, however, and the Skipper says we'll be in Puerto Armeulles tomorrow noon. We had 202 miles to go at noon today. The weather is still hot and damp, as the rainy season is approaching. The temperature on deck was 92° F. all day.

We must be crossing a large bay, as we are now completely out of sight of land. I think we'll be in Balboa on Wednesday or Thursday. The yacht is going straight thru' the Canal and into drydock in Colon, where she will receive a well-deserved scraping and painting.

I should have mentioned that last night we saw the Southern Cross for the first time this trip. We also noticed how much nearer Orion's belt was to the sea than it was when we first saw it in Nassau. Mr. Mott, in his usual witty way, said that that was because Orion's trousers were falling down.

Monday, April 20, 1931

This morning was hot as usual. The sea was calm, and when I came upstairs at 10, we were passing the coast of Costa Rica. It was hilly and covered with green, luxuriant forest. It certainly is a striking contrast with the Mexican coast which was baked and parched, a region of real desert with only occasional rains. We had a rain storm this morning early, as the rainy season is just about beginning.

We came into Puerto Armeulles about noon and tied up at the United Fruit Company pier. Daddy's friend, Mr. Blair, came on board for lunch, and shortly after took us for a ride up the line on an open track car. We went through dense jungle, I think the finest we have ever seen anywhere, part of the way. The trees were covered with a tangled mass of creepers, some in flower. Occasionally we passed trees covered with spikes of yellow blossoms. At other times we saw trees with a blue-flowered vine creeping over them. Several had oropendula nests hanging like woven witch balls from their branches, and one tree we passed was a mass of white flowers. We saw a great many little green parrots flying round, also some beautiful scarlet rumped tanagers. Daddy saw some macaws, but told me too late to see them. After going through the jungle, the track went

through banana groves, where the plants grew so close to the track that they all but brushed us when we passed. About four o'clock, the sky began to get black and threatening and we turned back. When we came into town, Mr. Blair accepted the Skipper's invitation to accompany us to Panama and he and Daddy went to his house to pack. Eva and the Skipper went to the Commissary and Mother and I returned on board, I carrying an ink bottle with a green snake in it, and Mother with two umbrellas and two raincoats over her arm. We found Mr. Mott sitting on deck, where there was a very slight breeze, and the three of us had iced tea together.

Shortly after we'd come aboard, we heard the dog barking excitedly on the dock, and, looking out, saw a man walking up the gangway with a large live iguana in each hand. Finally the others came aboard, and Mr. Blair brought his son, Sterling, and the local school-teacher on with him. I showed Sterling over the boat and he seemed delighted.

We sailed at 6 for the Canal where we hope to arrive Wednesday morning some time.

Mr. Blair reminds me in a funny way of Dr. Kearney, and he's awfully nice indeed.

After dinner we sat outside for a time and then played cards. I went out in the bow to see the stars (the Southern Cross, Orion's belt, the Big Dipper, etc., etc.) and incidentally looked over to see the

phosphorescence, which wasn't especially exciting, but rather brighter than lately.

Tuesday, April 21, 1931

We had a calm, uneventful day today until 3 this afternoon when the wind shifted, and by dinner time it was quite rough. We had iguana stew, by the way, and after so hearty a dish as that, the pitching motion was not welcomed!

Daddy went below right after dinner, and soon Mr. Blair followed his example.

Wednesday, April 22, 1931

QUARRY HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE

We came into Balboa harbor this morning about 9 — slightly delayed. Mr. Zetek came with the mail, which we eagerly read. Dr. James came to see Mr. Mott, who has been far from well for the last 4 or 5 days, and Mr. Jacome came to see Daddy.

Next we met Capt. Crockett, who took us up here to visit General Preston Brown until the yacht is out of drydock. This morning we spent unpacking at the General's lovely house at Quarry Heights. Daddy and General Brown returned for lunch at 1, and he introduced me to two of his aides — one named Mr. Sessums and one Mr. Handy. Mr. Sessums is the General's pilot, and the two fly across the Canal or

up into the hills almost every day. This P.M. we went into Panama and then to the Ancon Commissary. At 5, we met Mr. Blair and the General and Johnnie Sessums and we sat round for a time and then went down to the docks to see the yacht. There we met Mr. Roy Davis, the American Minister, and he invited all of us to come in to the dance at the Miramar Club and meet him after dinner.

Johnnie dined here with us and took me to a movie at Fort Clayton called "Guilty?" When that was over we went to the Club and danced. I met President Alfaro of Panama, who spoke excellent English and was very friendly and not a bit stiff. Johnnie introduced me to a Dr. Vallarino who was Minister of Foreign Affairs and very agreeable, also to Miss Smith, Admiral Smith's daughter. After the dance was over and the guests departed the General, Mr. Blair, Johnnie and we 3 went to the Century Club where the old people had something to drink and we watched them. We returned here at 12.30.

Thursday, April 23, 1931

This morning Mother and I shopped round Panama, returned here and met the General and Daddy for lunch. We spent the afternoon calling on different people including the President's wife and the Governor and Mrs. Burgess and at 5.30 P.M. the General took us out for a drive round the Fortified Islands.

He showed us the swimming beach on the way. We dined quietly here, and after dinner retired early.

Friday, April 24, 1931

Mother and I spent the morning in the usual way, shopping in Panama. We took lunch here with the General and after a pleasant chat on the piazza, Mother and I went out to call on Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Zetek.

Later. Johnnie Sessums came over just before our going to dinner at Mrs. Schaffer's and took me out to Bella Vista in his machine. We had a very nice time there; the Schaffers are both charming. At 10, or thereabouts, Johnnie and I took leave of the rest and went out to Fort Clayton to a dance. We got home on the dot of 11.15, the time the General said, and, finding that the others hadn't come in, sat round discussing the flight we're taking tomorrow morning. Johnnie made me promise not to "freeze on the controls," and not to be afraid, and I made him promise that he wouldn't do any crazy stunts with me on my first hop. Finally he began yawning, and mustered courage enough to ask my permission to go home. Of course, I granted it at once, and he left. I went the rounds, writing notes to say that I was in, and then retired. The General says he'll tell Ellen to wake me up tomorrow morning at 7, as we're going to be at Paitilla Point at 8.

Saturday, April 25, 1931

This morning at 7 Ellen knocked at my door, and I needed no second bidding to get up. The General had already finished his breakfast when I appeared at 7.15, but very kindly sat with me while I had mine. Just before I left, I kissed Mother good-bye, and left her with the tears coursing down her face. We drove out to Paitilla Point, having picked up Captain Crockett, and I got into the General's "overalls," helmet and goggles. Next the combined efforts of Johnnie, Captain Crockett and the General got me into a parachute, and we climbed into the plane, Johnnie in the front cockpit, and I in the aft. We flew over the field, dipped our wings to the General below, and then headed for Colon, with the Canal on our left. I was spell-bound. Every little while, Johnnie passed a note back to me, telling me where we were. We saw the yacht in drydock, the Army base at France Field with the planes lined up in formation, and Barro Colorado Island, where Johnnie shut off the motor and plunged down (practically vertically) a thousand feet or so! Coming back we saw the Army tents looking like the kind lead soldiers live in.

About the biggest thrill I got was when we flew straight *thru'* the Culebra Cut!! There was a boat there, and we had to bank to miss it. I was surprised

looking down (flying high), because it doesn't seem as if you were moving at all, but when you put your arm out, you can feel the rush of the wind. We flew over the little Isthmian Airways plane that Eva and the Skipper came across the Isthmus in, and it looked like a little bug, far below us.

Mother was on the field with the General when we landed and after backing and filling, she decided to go up too. I don't know what Johnnie did to Mother, but she's a different woman. She got a great kick out of it, and from being scared to death, she's the essence of confidence, and looks forward to flying often in the future!!! We returned here, where we found Mrs. Schaffer waiting for us, and the three of us went into Panama shopping.

At lunch the General told us that he'd be delighted to take us out to the Fortified Islands and show us the big guns in the hidden forts, and at 5.30 we went out there, and walked all round the garrison. He showed us the giant guns, powder, range telescopes, plotting rooms, and I don't know what else.

This evening Colonel and Mrs. Babcock came to dine, and invited Johnnie and me to the dance at the Century Club. I met lots of Army people there, and we got home at 11.40. Johnnie left, and I tried in vain to find the switch for the light on the piazza. I ended by not finding it and leaving it on!!

Sunday, April 26, 1931

This morning, being Sunday, at 9.30 the General took us out to Fort Clayton in his machine. He introduced us to several very pleasant officers and they took us all over the barracks of Company "K." After that we went out to drive towards the Rio Chico, and the forest was lovely. I'm spoiled for any transportation, other than a flying machine, but we had a fine ride and returned here to lunch with Daddy and Mr. Byers, who's just returned from Penonomé. He told us that he'd found quite a good many gold ornaments, and I'm itching to see them. When he left, taking Daddy with him, Mother and I came into her room to cool off, and pass the afternoon lazily. The General's taking us out to drive at 5.30.

Later. We drove out round the Fortified Islands to cool off, and returned in time to dress for 8 o'clock dinner at the Union Club with Colonel and Mrs. Babcock. Johnnie took me over in his car, and I sat next to him at dinner. He had Mrs. Smith, wife of Admiral Smith, on his left. Although the General is going to get up early tomorrow morning and spend the day tramping over Taboga, Taboguilla and the other two islands, we never left the Union Club until 1 o'clock. I was dead — Johnnie was "knocked down, dragged out," and cursing the day he went into the Army.

Monday, April 27, 1931

This A.M. was spent in the usual way by Mother and me. Daddy went to the Gorgas Laboratory to see the snakes Dr. Clark brought back for him from Darien. We lunched together here, and Daddy went straight out after lunch. We stayed here to cool off, and at 5.30 took Charles and drove out to tell good-bye to the Schaffers and the Clarks. We returned in time for a "family dinner" at seven. Johnnie told me all sorts of stories about himself and his experiences, and while we were at dinner, the Skipper rang up. Daddy went to the 'phone and was told that in taking the yacht on a trial run the pilot had knocked a big piece out of her propeller blade — Johnnie invited me out to dinner tomorrow if we don't have to leave before that. At nine the General suggested that we go out to drive round the Fortified Islands to cool off before going to bed. It has been fearfully hot here yesterday and today especially — and even sitting quietly in a chair and reading is a great effort.

Tuesday, April 28, 1931

This morning Mother and I finished a few errands we had to do, and then returned here and packed our bags. We don't know yet whether or not we're sailing this P.M.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Later. At 10, Daddy got a call from the Skipper to say we were sailing. Accordingly we drove up to the General's office to tell him good-bye. He insisted on coming back to his house with us, and having lunch. We said good-bye to Johnnie, Captain Crockett, and the General very kindly saw us on the train with Mr. Humphrey, who came across the Isthmus with us.

It took us almost two hours as opposed to twenty minutes by air, and the train ride was hotter than anything imaginable.

Mr. Shropshire met us at Cristobal and presented Mother with a huge bouquet of orchids, the "Lady of the Night" kind, and then came on board to make us a call as did Mr. Humphrey. At 4, they left us, and shortly afterwards, we sailed. I found out we're going to Miami, and hope we have decent weather. It's very cool and nice on deck now.

Wednesday, April 29, 1931

AT SEA

Today the good old Carribbean has been true to form. The boat has been battled round like a plaything all day. I felt very poorly, and wasn't able to eat much at lunch, and Daddy was flattened in Mr. Collins' room. I have never travelled over this part of the Carribbean when it hasn't been rough, and only hope that it improves as we go further north! The run was 113 miles from Colon.

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Thursday, April 30, 1931

Uneventful day today. Sea much calmer, in fact we're making excellent time. The run from noon to noon was 229 miles — average speed 9.7 knots. We seem to be fairly skimming over the sea. We're due in Miami Monday morning early. From there I think we're going to New London, where we hope to arrive May 11th.

Friday, May 1, 1931

The sea has been perfectly calm today, and we've made excellent time. The run from noon yesterday to noon today was 241 miles — average speed 9.8 knots. We have less than 500 miles to go before we reach Miami. The Captain came down and said that at the rate we're going we ought to reach Miami on Sunday night at 8 o'clock (roughly).

Today is our last day in the Carribbean — we pass Cape San Antonio, the western tip of Cuba, at 7 tomorrow morning. I don't expect to see it, however, — my bed's too comfortable! Mother and I are very lazy, and always take breakfast together in her room, as we have every morning since we left Guaymas! I generally do my lessons in the morning and spend the afternoon resting or reading English books. Thank heaven I've finished French, and only have some of Burke's speech to read, a few B. and I. Latin lessons to do, but, unfortunately, endless history.

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Like a fool, I read blindly on without writing anything down, and I've had to go all over most of what I've done!!! I consider, however, that I've accomplished quite a good deal, when I think of the amount of time we've spent in port, collecting, visiting, travelling up to Guatemala, Salvador City and the like. I hope Miss Bacon won't be mad, but I know she'll appreciate how difficult it is on a cruise like this to find time for the thousand and one things I'd like to do!! I suppose I'll be fired when I present myself at school, but what can I do, and who would let a chance like this slip by when she could take it?

Saturday, May 2, 1931

Uneventful day today. We are running ahead of the Gulf Stream which is pushing us at 11.1 (approx.). The run was 266 miles to noon! Mr. A., otherwise known as the Skipper found that at the rate we're going, we won't be able to finish up the wine that wasn't sent to Bermuda from Panama. Accordingly everybody on board *has* to drink white wine at lunch and dinner, even me.

Sunday, May 3, 1931

We're running 14 hours ahead of our schedule today. Rather than go into Miami this afternoon, Mr. A. told the Captain to anchor somewhere off shore. At 3.30 we dropped anchor in sight of Miami just below

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LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Cape Florida lighthouse. Mr. Mott, Mother, Eva and I went fishing. He caught a 23-pound grouper just after sundown.

Tomorrow morning round 9 will find us in Miami.

Monday, May 4, 1931

MIAMI, FLORIDA. TIED UP

We got in at 9 or thereabouts. Soon afterwards the different port officials came aboard and passed us. The Customs Inspectors considered us as having cleared from an American port since we have come without a stop from the Canal Zone. They were very decent and never asked to see anything and passed everything!!

At 10, Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild came down to see us, and at 10.30, the three Barbours decided to motor to Palm Beach, just for old time's sake. It was 70 miles away, but by 1 o'clock we were there. We saw our old house on the corner of Brazilian Avenue, the old Seaside Cottage, and various others. Palm Beach has changed enormously. Unfortunately, being late in the season, all the houses, shops, and clubs were closed for the summer. We lunched at Luziana's in West Palm Beach, motored out to see the Everglades Club, and returned here. We dined with Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and met the inventor, Dr. Baekeland. It was very pleasant. Daddy is passing the night at Cocoanut Grove.

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LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Tuesday, May 5, 1931

This morning at 9, we went to Cocoanut Grove to pick up Daddy. When Mother and I arrived there, we were told to wait a minute as Mrs. Fairchild and Dr. Barbour had gone in town for a few minutes.

When they got back Daddy came with us to Chapman Field, the experimental garden, where we met a Mr. Fennell. He took us out to see his father's orchid collection which was lovely. When we returned to Chapman Field, he showed us how he started orchid seeds on a medium that's sort of like jelly. Dr. Baekeland and the Fairchilds came off for lunch, and left at 4 — taking Daddy with them. We sailed at 4.30. The lightning this evening is lovely. The whole western sky is intermittently illuminated; the light is so bright that it hurts your eyes to watch it.

Wednesday, May 6, 1931

AT SEA

The sea is heaving quite considerably, and the yacht is pitching all the time. I felt uneasy this A.M., but am all right now. This evening after dinner we sat outside and watched another thunder storm.

I came below early (9.15).

The run was something over 250 miles — I wasn't on deck when Mr. Hart brought it down from the bridge.

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LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

Thursday, May 7, 1931

Last night the ship was struck by lightning, which shot down the foremast. Having an iron hull the ship wasn't injured, and the electricity went down the iron foremast into the sea. It has been overcast and fairly rough all day. The sun shone for a while this P.M. The run was 271.2 miles, average speed 11.3 knots, 559 miles to go. We ought to make New London by Sunday anyway, possibly Saturday evening late.

Friday, May 8, 1931

Today has been much cooler. One by one everyone on board is changing to heavy winter clothes. Eva is the only one who still wears silks. On deck, even in the sun, it was cold enough for furs. The temperature was about 50° to 62° all day. To the average mortal that would be balmy and springlike — but we're accustomed to 90° to 92° in the shade! The run was less than yesterday, — only 241 miles, 10.1 knots average speed, — we're getting out of the Gulf Stream. At noon, we were abreast of Norfolk, Virginia, about 75 miles off shore. I think we'll make New London Sunday A.M. very early. Mother wired for Earle to meet us there at 11 Sunday A.M.

This afternoon we saw a school of porpoises, other than that nothing very exciting happened today. It

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has been pretty rough all day, but we're all fine sailors now, and haven't minded the rolling and pitching at all. It looked for a time this afternoon as if we were going to get a fog bank as there was a heavy one on each side of us. Luckily, however, the wind shifted, I abominate fog — especially at sea. Nothing is more dreary than the sound of the fog whistle, moaning its warning every other minute.

We were fortunate in having decent weather last night off Cape Hatteras. Apparently it's very unusual at this time of year; generally very rough and often foggy. The Skipper and Mother stayed up last evening until we passed the Diamond Shoals Lightship at 12. He always likes to be on deck whenever there's the slightest danger.

Saturday, May 9, 1931

Last night about 11.30, the fog closed in round us and the whistle blew every two minutes all night long.

This morning, the same — foggy, cold, and damp. Everybody, even courageous Eva, dressed in their warmest "woollies" to keep out the cold.

This afternoon, we passed another ship in the fog; she apparently went astern of us, but we couldn't see her and could only guess her direction by the sound of her whistle. At tea-time, the fog lifted for a time, but after sundown it shut down again, damp and clammy cold. We came to Montauk Point Light on

Lond Island shortly before dinner, and are now anchored in the lee of it, as the fog is very thick, and the Skipper could see no point in anchoring in New London harbor tonight, and running the risk of being boarded by Coast Guards or rammed by passing ships.

The fog-horn on shore is going, and the quiet heaving of the sea is ringing the bell on a buoy which is somewhere near.

Today, the sea has been calmer than any day since we left the Canal. The only motion has been a rolling heave, — we left the pitching behind last night, — thank goodness! Tomorrow morning at nine will find us in New London. I meant to mention the fact that this evening at dinner was a gala occasion. Eva appeared in full evening dress, the Skipper in his N. Y. Y. C. mess jacket, and Mr. Mott in his. Unfortunately, Mother and I weren't dressed up, and felt very "out of it" indeed. Eva gave each of us a present. To Mother she presented a lovely cut crystal pendant; she gave me a cunning little enamel pencil and an enamelled charm of St. Christopher, for luck. The Skipper gave Mother a very handsome tooled leather portfolio for the desk, and me a gold coin which he found at Knossos in Crete ten years ago, and a Guatamaltecán "juipil."

I hate to see my closet all bare, and my trunks bursting. How I wish tomorrow were January 27th,

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

instead of May 10th! Never have I had such a wonderful trip as I have this time — and I probably never will again! How could Miss Lord even hint that I was "ruining my career?"

Sunday, May 10, 1931

BOSTON, MASS.

This A.M. at 8.30, we weighed anchor and were in New London at 11 (ship's time). Earle was on the dock when we came in, looking very fat and well.

As soon as we docked, the Skipper and Eva went uptown in our car. They returned and he gave Mother and me (each) a lovely bouquet of carnations. Lunch was, as always on the "Utowana," delicious, and at 3 we said good-bye to all the officers and crew, to Eva, Mr. Mott and the Skipper. I tried to keep from crying, but couldn't.

Later. We had a cold drive home in the fog and rain. Aunt Sallie and Ben were at the house to meet us as were the children and of course, Jerry. Bill apparently is in the Phillips House, suffering terribly with some injury in the leg.

The Huntingtons took dinner with us, and right afterwards the Emerys came in. Mother went to the hospital to see Bill, and said he seemed very cheerful.

Later. How grand it is to be home. I admit I cried when we bade good-bye to the "Utes," and we cer-

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

tainly had a fine cruise. It did seem funny at first, looking up so high to the ceilings, and not going downstairs to bed. However, I'm glad to be back, and, although I dread the inevitable at school tomorrow, yet I've had the spree of my life! And I'll wait till tomorrow comes before I begin to worry.

God bless the Skipper.

